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CLERICAL REMINISCENCES.

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CLERICAL REMINISCENCES

BY

SENEX

"I THINK OF BYGONE DAYS"

23615 a

SECOND EDITION

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PREFACE.

In writing the following pages, Life has been, as it were, lived over again.

Had it been necessary to give my name, I could not have written a word; but whilst Secrecy holds the pen I can tell the story, and indulge the hope that it may interest, instruct, or amuse.

I have endeavoured carefully to avoid all occasions of offence, and to give no clue to the little mystery involved.

The reception and the results of the work itself, I leave to the God of Providence and Grace.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
STAFFORDSHIRE	9
LONDON	24
AT SEA	39
INDIA	49
WILTSHIRE	87
YORKSHIRE	98
KENT	134
THE SEA-SIDE	191
THE RESTING-PLACE	250
APPENDIX	287

CLERICAL REMINISCENCES.

It may sound strange, but it is true, that my first sermon was preached from the pulpit of the University Church at Cambridge, and that my first hearers were seated in the gallery usually assigned to the Heads of Houses in their scarlet robes, and to Fellow-Commoners in their blue and silver. Yet thus it came to pass: for I was one of five or six undergraduates and close friends, who had just taken their degree of B.A., and had agreed to stay up and read hard for Holy Orders. And after a long experience I think that we did wisely. In these days, University men betake themselves to theological colleges, where, though

learning may be gained, a bias can hardly be escaped. Now, when God's call has been distinctly heard, and the Church's questions can be fairly answered, a bias, I think, is bad; and God's teaching is often changed thereby for man's.

We were, most of us, Honour men. The Church was our choice. The study of divinity was not only profitable, but pleasant. Habits of reading were familiar; books were on our shelves. And why should we be unable to master Church history, the teaching of our old Divines, the Articles, the Evidences, the errors to be avoided, the doctrines to be inculcated, the Greek of the New Testament, the divine lessons of the Old, and the inspiration of both? I have now before me five sets of papers, given me by one of our Archbishops in after years, and used by him in the examination of his candidates; and there is nothing which a well-read man would be unable to answer after due preparation. Of course, if all the spare time at college has been spent in boating, cricketing, and football, with corresponding wine-parties, the case is exceptional. But let there be a true sense of our high calling of God, self-

dedication, mutual help, and habitual prayer; and I think our plan was as good a preparation as any other. One part of it was the composition of sermons; and I, having one prepared, was asked to preach it. We borrowed the key from the custodian of St. Mary's; and, having obtained admittance, locked ourselves in. I ascended the winding interior staircase, which existed in those days, and may exist still, for what I know, and the congregation assembled in the front gallery.

I had chosen the grand text spoken by our Lord, and enshrined by the Church in our Holy Communion service:—"So God loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son; to the end that all that believe in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Dean Alford once said to me in after years, that he did not think those words were spoken by our Lord Himself; but he had no answer ready when I called for a Prayer-book and read, "Hear what comfortable words *our Saviour Christ* saith unto all that truly turn to Him!"

After the sermon we all met around the pulpit for discussion. The criticism, no doubt, was partial, and the verdict therefore favour-

able. I have the dear old sermon, my first-born, now, amongst some thousands of others; and I have since preached it (shortened, for these latter days) more than once. I mention this last fact, only to show my readers that I am not a man "given to change."

But what I wanted to know, I did not get. "What about the delivery?" I inquired. "Tell me truly where I failed, and what was unpleasant, and requires alteration in that respect."

"Ah, well," they replied, "we were listening to the sermon, and gave no heed to the delivery."

A similar incident occurred to me somewhat later, and after I had taken holy orders. The President of my College, who was a beautiful reader, attended once the church I served in London, and I took an opportunity of asking his opinion, touching my reading the Prayers. He said, wisely and kindly, that there was room for improvement, and that he could imitate me exactly.

"That is just what I want," was my reply: "Pray do that for me. It would be a great kindness."

"But it would not be pleasant," he said, "either to me or to you. Better go to Mr. ——, who lives in town, and is an excellent professor of elocution."

I took his advice, and arranged for four lectures, which perhaps did good, though they did not show me to myself, as I wanted. For the third lecture, I was directed to bring a sermon and preach it before him. I selected my sermon and preached for the half-hour allowed, to my single auditor, the professor. The text was, I well remember, "Enter ye in at the strait gate, for wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat, because strait is the gate," etc., S. Matt. vii. 13, 14. I was struck with the silence and attention of my auditor, who made not a single remark till the sermon was ended, and then simply said, "Was that sermon your own?" And then bade me "Good morning." I went away wondering, and somewhat disconcerted. But I was a clergyman, and the thought that perhaps the sermon might have touched some secret chord unknown to me, crossed my mind, and reconciled me to my lost lecture. But I

was saddened in both ways. The last lecture came, and neither in word nor deed was the sermon even alluded to; and then, and ever since, I have wanted some one to show me to myself. I am convinced that this want is the cause of so much faulty reading in the Church. We do not know how badly we read, nor where correction is required. I remember Hartwell Horne, whose work on Holy Scripture is a mine of almost forgotten wealth. He held a curacy in London in my time, and was the very worst reader I ever heard. He was talking with his rector one Sunday morning in the vestry; and in his quiet way, observed, That God sometimes gave His servants encouragement in their work; which he thought we were bound "to take and be thankful."

"Quite true, Mr. Horne," said his rector, "but to what do you particularly allude?"

"Well, sir," he replied, "last Sunday evening, you know, I read prayers for you, and having a particular engagement, I threw off my surplice quickly, and left the church with the congregation. I was not observed, and of course I heard the remarks they made upon the service; and I heard one gentleman say to

another, 'Did you ever hear such a reader?' Now I would not be proud or conceited, but I could not avoid taking the encouragement those words conveyed."

The rector smiled, and so will the reader; it was clear that Mr. Horne had never heard himself.

I remember, in times past, another clergyman, clever, quick, observant, who having, with me, listened to our Bishop's charge, in which his lordship had dwelt, seriatim, and with great earnestness and good effect, upon the manifold and varied duties of the clergy, met me a few days after and said that he had written to the Bishop about his "charge."

"Brave man," I replied; "and what did you write about?"

"Why, I told his lordship that he had omitted one important matter in his charge."

"Brave man," I repeated; "what was the omission?"

"Good reading," he replied. "His lordship said nothing about it."

"Brave man," I reiterated; "what reply have you had?"

"None, not a word," was his final com-

plaint; "his lordship does not seem aware of the importance of good reading, and how few of his clergy read well."

Now, I naturally expected that my friend was an exception to that general rule, but when, a few weeks afterwards, I had an opportunity of hearing him read the Church Prayers, I found that, like so many others, he had not heard himself!

Early training will do something. But few parents are qualified; and mothers, especially, cannot correct, because they cannot see the faults of their children. A lady once asked me how I liked the service in which her eldest son had officiated. I said that nothing could be better than "the truth" he preached, but he still retained in his reading the tone and song of his early boyhood.

"What do you mean?" she replied; "why, he was the best reader, as a boy, that I have ever heard; and he reads just as well now."

So that parents cannot manage the matter. I wonder whether the telephone will do anything to mend it. I am now past mending.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

My first curacy was in a large manufacturing parish; and as a young deacon, I joined a young priest, and between us we had the sole charge of about fifteen thousand souls. For the rector, though a most excellent man —handsome, gentlemanly, pious, amiable, and evangelical—had not nerve to meet the turmoil of such a parish. He lived, however, within reach, in a charming country house, taking regular duty in a small, but which thus became a highly-favoured parish; and he visited us occasionally, "to teach and preach Jesus Christ." Meanwhile, three services and sermons on the Sunday, and one in the week; large schools; all manner of parochial duties; and the visitation of sick and well, were entrusted to his two curates; and I, for one, well

remember those days. I am now bald from old age; but half my hair went with writing sermons—being torn off, figuratively speaking, by handfuls! I scorned at first to copy; but when circumstances took away my brother curate, and I was left alone for nearly three months, with four full services a week, and all the parish duty, I had no choice left; and if my reader could glance at my early sermons, he would see written on a good many corners, the letters "nm," "nam," "mj," "al" "ss,"—letters which I leave behind me, as a puzzle. Such sermons, though better than my own, have not been used, for the most part, a second time, seeing that the excuse would be invalid.

We lodged together, and we worked together for nearly two years; and when the Rectory house was finished, we set up housekeeping in it; and I remember losing credit with the ladies by ordering "mince veal" for dinner:—the cook pouring her troubles into their faithful bosoms!

The first incident which comes to mind was a fierce and prolonged controversy carried on with a Romish priest in the neighbourhood. He had said, written, or done something which

displeased us. We knew the editor of the county paper, and with his pledge of secrecy we rushed to the attack, which was renewed week by week. There was a "clerical meeting" held quarterly in those days, when Rural Deaneries were unknown, and it had this peculiarity, that as a rule, no topic on "Divinity" was to be touched! So high had controversy risen even in those times, that it became necessary for neighbouring clergy either to become strangers, or be silent. To meet at dinner, and pass the evening pleasantly, was the plan adopted; the general news and work of the Church and diocese not being, of course, excluded.

"Who writes those clever articles in the *Advertiser?*" was the question proposed at one of these meetings. We two, of course, kept silence, as two young curates, and listened to the conjectures and the suppositions offered by our seniors. That first time nothing touched us; but the second time we were openly questioned. The matter had somehow oozed out. I had never held the pen, I could therefore safely disclaim the credit which the clergy seemed disposed to render, and I did so, till my breath was taken away by my senior, point-

ing to me, and saying, "Well, what he says is quite true; he did not hold the pen, but he put in all the spice."

We got some κυδος: for we really had the best of it: our opponent drew off, and the controversy closed.

I remember also another public matter which may serve to guide young curates. We had, as a near neighbour, an Irish baronet, a curate in charge of a small parish. He was an excellent man, though somewhat eccentric in his habits. We knew him and asked him to preach for us; and he preached an admirable sermon, with which the congregation was delighted. Soon after, a collection sermon required a good advocate, and we sought his aid, with a capital result. Again we asked him, and again he kindly responded.

"Hulloa," said my senior, afterwards, "this will never do! Our people will become dissatisfied with us. We must drop the baronet."

"Nay, nay," I replied, "if he does good, more good than we do, so much the better! But wait; let us ask his help again and again and again." We did so. And now the people began to grumble. "Why are you always

asking Sir Nicholas? We are quite tired of hearing him!"

Such is the brief effect of novelty! It soon ceases to attract: and young curates have not many first-rate sermons.

The first interesting case I met with, of true conversion to God, was on this wise; and it comes vividly to mind because I then began to deal with souls. I was one day walking alone on the outskirts of the parish, and saw a tall, pale, thin man leaning, at midday, against the side-posts of his door. I was surprised, for he looked like a working-man; and I stopped to inquire about him. His doctor had forbidden him to work, and said he was in a consumption. He knew me, and said he would be glad to receive my visits, for he never went to church. He was married, and his wife sometimes read the Bible to him; but he could not understand much. This was the beginning of an intercourse which interested me greatly, and continued for some months. He was greatly tried. The idea of leaving his wife and young child was a great grief. His mental distress was prolonged, and his bodily

sufferings were great. He knew little of religion. He had to begin at the very beginning and get on step by step, learning to know himself, to seek Christ Jesus, and to bend the knee in prayer for grace and help. In the end he became, by God's mercy, a true penitent and believer, humble, holy, and happy. He received with meekness the engrafted word, partook of the Holy Sacrament, and found peace with God through Jesus Christ.

One of my last conversations with him, greatly struck me, as showing how God is often better to us than all our fears; how He sometimes smooths the path, and makes rough places plain. My poor friend had been reading St. Matthew's Gospel, and came to the place where it is written, "Strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life;"—"What is meant by the 'strait gate'?" he asked; "and what by the 'narrow way'?" With him, experience had preceded knowledge. He had passed through the discipline of sickness and sorrow; he had been weaned from the world to which he had once clung; he had given up all for Christ, and had followed Him in the ways of holiness with many a struggle and

many a temptation; he had thus entered the strait gate and trod the narrow way, and yet he now sought the knowledge! I remember that I walked away, quietly meditating upon the words of our blessed Lord, as addressed to His disciples—"Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

I soon sat beside him as a dying man, and listened to his last words.

"Is there anything more I can do for you? Have you any last wish?"

"I want for nothing," he said, "for you have shown me the way of life, and God has enabled me to enter it. My only remaining wish is that when I am buried, I may be laid dry."

And as I stood over his grave, I saw that his last wish was fulfilled; and hoped that at another day, he might be my "joy and crown of rejoicing."

Another more complicated case awaited me. In going from house to house, I entered one, the mistress of which seemed to me to have been a trusted housekeeper, or perhaps a shopkeeper, living comfortably upon her gettings or savings; familiar with good society,

but labouring in her old age under a terrible complication of disorders. She received me with a very doubtful look; and I had to apologize for my intrusion, and tell her who I was, and what was my object in calling. She admitted my apologies, thanked me as a Church clergyman for calling; and explained her doubtful looks, by saying that some dissenting minister had been lately visiting her, and had the "impertinence" in the course of his conversation, to tell her that she was a great sinner. "What business had he to say that?" she added; "I pointed to the door, and told him to go out of my house and never come in again!"

Though I had had but little experience at that early time, yet I could see plainly enough that if I hoped to do any good, I must be patient, and win her confidence, and look to God above for help. I did not for some time even suggest the offering of prayer with her. Gradually she took to me as a young man, and told me something of her past life; and I perceived that I had to do with a most determined character, into which "self-righteousness" was strongly intertwined.

She was familiar with Holy Scripture; and I spoke often of the characters enshrined therein—of Abraham, and Moses, and David, and St. Paul, and Lydia, and the Prodigal Son, and the Jailor, etc.

"Yes," she said, "she knew their histories, and was very sorry for them. Abraham told a story about his wife; and Moses was once very angry; and St. Paul had consented to Stephen's death; and Lydia had not attended to religion!"

"Well," I replied, "you seem familiar with their faults and failings; have you never discovered anything like them in yourself? There is Moses. You say he was once very angry; have you never been very angry? What about the dissenting minister you turned out of your house?'

I smiled, and she smiled, and said,

"He ought not to have made me angry."

"Then about Lydia, do you think you have in past life attended to religion as much as you ought?"

"Well, perhaps not," she replied.

"Now," I said, "you remember the history, and how it is said of Lydia 'whose heart the

Lord opened, that she attended to the things spoken of Paul.' You see how necessary it is to have the 'heart opened.' Shall we kneel down and ask the Lord to do it for us?"

She assented; and from that time we never parted without prayer.

Sometimes I spoke about myself, about the power of indwelling sin, about the evils of the heart, and the corruption of the nature, and the "godly sorrow" I felt; and how when "I would do good, evil was present with me."

Her response was immediate. She said I ought to be ashamed of myself. What business had I to be a clergyman, if I was such a sinner?

I asked for her Bible, and turning to St. Paul's first Epistle to Timothy read, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; *of whom I am chief.*"

She was silent.

"Now listen," I said, "these are St. Paul's words, 'for whom there was laid up a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous Judge would give him at that day.' It is the office of the Holy Spirit of God to convince

of sin. Let us kneel down and pray for 'conviction of sin.' St. Paul felt it, Lydia felt it, the prodigal son felt it, the jailor felt it. It is so precious, because it leads us to the feet of Jesus. It makes us feel the value of that blood shed on Calvary. 'Weary and heavy-laden we come to Him for rest, and He casts out none that come. All find Him 'mighty to save.'"

She listened to the story of Christ's love and grace with awakened interest, and there came gradually over her, after many weeks, a better spirit. She became sensible of her shortcomings; and when the earnest acceptance of the Gospel was pressed upon her, her response was, "WELL THEN, TEACH ME." Those were the last words I ever heard her speak.

I was called away for a time, and when I returned, she was dead and buried. But those last words have always found an echo in my heart; and I have felt no doubt that she was taught of God, and slept with Jesus.

These are only a few reminiscences of early parish work, by which I gained experience; and I must not enlarge.

Will my readers like to hear a veritable ghost story? It is this, and it is true :—

One day, when I was left alone in the parish, the chief medical man, of high repute in his profession, called upon me, asking entire confidence and secrecy as to the matter he was about to communicate. He named a lady whom I very well knew, and at whose house I had often visited; and said, that she was dying, and would surely die, unless I would consent to let one of the graves in the churchyard be opened. I demurred; but asked his reasons. The story was this: In early life the lady was engaged to be married, and she and her betrothed bound themselves to it by a solemn oath, with this penalty attached, that failing the marriage, after death the aggrieved party would appear, and never cease to haunt the survivor till an interview took place between the dead and the living. The lady married, and the young man died; "and now," said my informant, "she sees him every night by her bed side. I have tried change, and every resource of medicine; but nothing will save her life but an opened grave and coffin, and a sight of the dead lover. I have tried to bribe the sexton,

but he is afraid you will hear of it, and get him dismissed. I am therefore compelled, with great reluctance, to come to you."

What could I do? I refused to have the coffin disturbed; but I allowed the earth to be thrown out, and the coffin opened, when the church gates were locked, and no one was present to cause scandal.

And so it came to pass, I afterwards heard. The earth was thrown out and the lid of the coffin removed, and the lady stood over the grave for ten minutes, the sexton said, looking at a sight which made him shudder and turn sick. The "ghost" appeared no more; the lady recovered; and I met her again and again in society, with curious feelings, as may well be imagined!

A somewhat similar, but less serious incident occurred to me in after life. It was in India. I had bought a valuable Arab horse which carried me safely, in daily marches, with the camp, to Mussoorie and Simlah on the Himalayahs. He was sound and safe; though once upon a time he placed me and himself in great peril. Every one acquainted with the Himalayahs, knows, that the paths cut along

their sides, and called roads, are very narrow. The mountain, with its lofty summit, rises on one side; the "khud," or steep declivity, falls down on the other.

Something startled my horse; he neared the khud, his hind feet slipped over, and I had scarcely time to get my feet out of the stirrups, and cling with my hands to the edge of the roadway, when he went down, rolling over and over, a thousand yards and more, till brought up by a tree; and there he lay as if dead. I sent the syce in attendance to fetch some hill men; and by sheep tracks and ways known only to themselves, they brought him up, not seriously injured. Meanwhile, I walked home, thankful to God for the providential deliverance.

The horse did his work again as well as ever; but in returning to the plains, he must have eaten some poisonous grass. He fell sick, but accompanied the camp as far as Agra, where I also fell sick. Confined to my bed, at the Governor's house, I knew that the horse would have medical help and every comfort in the stables.

One morning, sleeping or waking—I know not which—I plainly saw my horse in his stall,

with his syce and some other persons standing near. Suddenly he fell down dead before my eyes; and I had scarcely ascertained whether I was sleeping or waking, when I heard a knock at my door, and in came the captain of our escort.

"You need not tell me what you come for," were my first words; "I know. My horse is dead."

"How can you possibly know that?" he said. "Why, he has not been dead five minutes."

"I saw him fall down dead in his stall," was my response. And he expressed, not incredulity, but the utmost astonishment!

The coincidence, in truth, was the wonder; for, anxious about the horse, I might have anticipated his death. But why did I see him at the moment he fell dead? The action of the mind is often a great mystery.

LONDON.

BUT now we come home again to the realities of life, and I am leaving my first curacy for my second, in London. Thus it came to pass.

A very large, important, and valuable living, half in and half out of the City, and in the patronage of S. John's College, Oxford, was vacant. Its acceptance was pressed upon one of the Senior Fellows, by those who knew him well, and valued him highly. After much deliberation, he resolved to accept it, on one condition—that they would find him a curate. I was that curate; and as soon as I could get free, I went into residence.

My stipend was good for those days—£150 per annum; but £70 went to pay for rooms over a bookseller's shop; and I had what might be called "sole charge" of twelve thousand

people! My rector was a good, kind, able, and excellent man, but he could not face them; and there being no rectory house, he had a right to non-residence, and lived in one of the West-end squares, with every comfort necessary for one who was a bachelor, and had been a Senior Fellow.

Most Senior Fellows that I have known have been self-indulgent, and fond of good living. Why, I remember two Senior Fellows in my own college quarrelling over an apple-pie. One was an "Evangelical," the other "High and Dry." The apple-pie came gradually down the Fellows' table one Sunday. The apple was considerably poached upon before it reached the Evangelical; and he finished it, and passed on the dish to his High and Dry neighbour. The crust was lifted; but no fruit appearing, a deep, low grumble was heard. "Just like you Evangelicals—all faith, without works: eat the apple, and leave the crust."

But "Fellows' tables" are nothing when compared to the great London "Companies' feasts," to which I was soon to be introduced. Annual sermons preached in the morning generally led to an invitation to dinner in the even-

ing; and as my digestion was then good, I did not refuse.

But of all Companies which rise up in my mind, none equalled the Goldsmiths', to the Court of which my own father then belonged. Its magnificent new Hall rises in my mind's eye, with its lofty roof exquisitely painted, its shields emblazoned with coats-of-arms, one appertaining to my own family, its walls adorned with full-length portraits of Kings and Queens, and other great celebrities, and its high table on court days spread with every imaginable luxury. There was no need of salt for the soup; for, as a recompense for a morning's toil in casting up and passing accounts, under each plate was hidden a bank-note of an amount never known, because never revealed, begging quiet acceptance; whilst packets of rare sweets lay near at hand for wives and children at home.

Though I have sat as a visitor many times in that hospitable and noble hall, and eaten many dinners, yet one only comes vividly to mind, because of a circumstance I will now relate.

A magnificent haunch of venison was served up; but, by some strange chance, it was only

half-cooked, and unfit to be eaten. Most of the company turned to other things; but one alderman, then well known, was not to be thus baffled. He called for a lamp and stand, and a deep silver soup-plate; he cut four long, thick slices, with fat to correspond, from the haunch; he mingled two glasses of port wine with the gravy, and then placed all above the lighted lamp. Bubbling soon began; a steamy column arose, and everything indicated that eating-time was come. I happened to sit near, and naturally thought that, as a visitor—I will not say a clergyman, for clergymen never care about eating and drinking (?)—one slice at least would be offered to me. But no! When all was ready, the alderman evidently thought that—not virtue, but—cookery was its own reward, and ate all the four slices, nourished with fat, gravy, and port wine, himself! The way in which he afterwards joined in the standing toast of "Church and Queen" was a sight worth seeing.

After the account of this haunch of venison and apple-pie, the quiet, pleasant dinners at Mecklenburgh Square will, I fear, be deemed common-place; and yet, till privileged to share

them, I scarcely knew what a good dinner was, nor how it should be eaten.

Silence was a prime requisite; to talk whilst eating was rank heresy. Soup once; fish, if salmon and fresh, twice, in thin slices alike from back and front; fowls *ad libitum*, if reared by orthodox hens with tender consciences; *entrées* and saddle of mutton as capacity allowed; ale brewed from malt which never had paid tax; and wine brought from the deep, mysterious cellar of St. John's. The general impression of dinners such as these, remains after forty years.

Then my rector had the additional comfort of an easy brougham, a handsome horse, and a steady coachman; and he was carried daily for a constitutional walk to the Hornsey Lanes, or Hampstead Heath, or Clapham Common, or Highgate Hill—all pleasant and profitable changes.

The only serious and regular duty required from him was a sermon every Sunday morning. In the evening the church was served by a very able and popular lecturer, chosen by the parish. In the afternoon, baptisms, churchings, and all parish duties were performed. These last fell

on me; and I read prayers, both morning and evening, save on the first Sunday in the month, when I was free in the evening, and went round and heard all the first and best preachers in London.

I do not think I preached ten times in the two years I served this curacy; and it was a great mental relief, after what I had gone through in that way. But the parish duty was tremendous. Every day and every hour was engaged. I had not so many marriages as I afterwards heard news of at Manchester. At what was then the Parish Church, but is now the Cathedral, there were often seventy or eighty marriages altogether on a Sunday morning.

"Please, sir," a young fellow would come and say, "you have married me to the wrong girl."

"Ah! well," was the constant reply, "you know better than I, no doubt; but you are all safely married, and you can settle it amongst yourselves."

I sometimes had a dozen at a time; and if I married them wrongly, they also settled it amongst themselve

Once I remember a mysterious marriage, or miss, as I must call it. The license was presented, and the day was fixed; and at half-past eleven the bridegroom appeared, quite alone, young, and a gentleman. He was evidently anxious, as twelve o'clock drew near, and no bride appeared. I spoke to him, but he was silent and reserved, and I had an impression that all was not right. At twelve o'clock I had my surplice on, and was standing within the rails. I opened my book as the clock struck—one, two, three, four, five. There was a slight movement at the church door, and a young woman appeared hurrying up the aisle. Ere she reached the rails, the clock had struck twelve, and the book was shut.

"You are too late," I said; "I cannot marry you to-day."

"Oh, pray do!" she said.

"Why, your marriage would not be valid."

"Oh! I will risk that."

"But I cannot risk it," I replied; "I shall be liable to punishment. It is your own fault; you must come again earlier to-morrow."

But they never came again, and I found afterwards that the woman was a maid-servant,

detained by her mistress against her will that morning, and that the marriage was a very unfitting one; as I fear London marriages often are.

There was but little ecclesiastical machinery in the parish at that time. The schools even, were charity schools, gathering in St. Paul's at the anniversaries, and under local and official management, where I, for the most part, was *de trop*. There were two immense workhouses, to which chaplains ought to have been appointed, but were not. I visited them weekly, taking everything out of my pockets, and leaving my watch at home; for to go to one of them, was to pass through a den of thieves. I gave lectures to the poor inmates; and there learned to speak extempore. But after two years of this voluntary service, when, at a vestry meeting, one kind friend proposed a vote of twenty-five pounds, as an acknowledgment of my service, and a testimony of good-will, up rose a gunmaker, as hard as his guns, and thought it would prove "a bad precedent." So much for vestrymen! But I was content; for I did it to please God, and not man.

How parochial visitation is managed now in

London, I do not know and cannot conceive. In my time I would go into a shop, and find the cheesemonger selling cheese, the shoemaker fitting shoes, the linendraper cutting lace. "Very happy to see you, sir. Thank you for calling. Sorry I am so busy; and sorry also, that though my wife is upstairs, she is not in a fit state to see you."

As for the poorer classes, they were away all day, and never home till nine or ten at night! As a clergyman of Bethnal Green said to me the other day, "My parochial visitation begins about eleven o'clock."

"Eleven in the morning?" I asked. "Do you find them at home?"

"Nay," he replied, "eleven o'clock at night!"

A good many things necessarily turned up in London which I do not remember, and on which, if I did, I need not dwell. But one incident is fresh still in my memory, and, as illustrating an important text of Scripture, seems worth recording.

One evening, whilst engaged in study, a card was brought up and a wish expressed to see me. My assent was followed by the en-

trance of a young person unknown to me. He was welcomed; and I soon learnt that he was desirous of going to College, and had come to me for advice. I was much pleased with his modesty, and with the indications of talent that I discerned. Finding that economy was one necessity involved, I told him how successfully more than one friend of mine had passed through the ordeal of the University; and named one special case where a man of talent, having gained several prizes and more than one valuable Scholarship, had *received*, instead of *paying*, money at the end of each term. I finally advised a Sizarship at St. John's, Cambridge, when I found that mathematics was his forte. Our conversation then assumed a religious tone and I spoke of the dangers to be avoided, and the Christ-like principles to be maintained. We parted with mutual good-will; and in the many changes which quickly followed, I forgot the interview itself, and the very name and person of my young friend.

About twelve years afterwards, I was vicar of a large Northern parish, and was earnestly called to give a vote on some important contested election at Cambridge. Stipulating, as

was then legal, that my expenses should be paid, I went and voted. For the payment of my expenses I was referred to a Fellow of St. John's, and went at once to his rooms. Several persons were present; and he came to me, having received my card, and asked if I was in a hurry, or could wait till his business visitors had left, as he wished to speak to me. I was in no hurry, and waited till we were alone. He then came to me and said that he knew me well, though I evidently did not remember him. I might, however, remember a visit I once received from a young man at Mr. Bumpus', the bookseller. He was that young man. He had acted in every particular on the advice then received. He had entered at St. John's. He had watched and been careful. He had obtained Scholarships. And the result was, that he had passed safely through his course—that he had been Senior Wrangler—that he was now a Fellow and Tutor of his College—that his aged parents were living in ease and happiness near to him at Cambridge—that he had all that heart could wish—"and," he added, "I owe it all to you."

This almost took away my breath; and

after I had listened with silent wonder, I could only say, "Not to me, but all to God's 'goodness and mercy.'"

"I meant all to *your instrumentality*," he explained.

And then we shook hands, as friends for life. And we have been friends for life; though our fields of duty have kept us apart.

We met again unexpectedly at a gathering of all the Rural Deans of our diocese at Addington. And we met once more at the delivery of the present Archbishop's magnificent five-fold charge at Canterbury, as Honorary Canons; and when all that was dignified and kindly met at the social evening gathering at the Deanery, we sat side by side, perhaps for the last time:—I, proud to sit by him; he, pleased to sit by me.

Whether he will ever read these words, I know not; but whoever does will, I hope, lay to heart the inspired words alluded to at the beginning of this simple narrative, "A word spoken in due season, how good it is": (Prov. xv. 23).

And now came a change, unsought, but serious. Eight times, such-like changes have

occurred in my life, but always unsought. I have, as a general rule, endeavoured to do my best; and then to wait till any change came, at God's call. I have no doubt that it is wise to leave a *first* curacy, soon after the two required years have passed. But to indulge the monomania for preferment (and it becomes, after a time, a disease) is clearly wrong. I knew a clergyman who having done something to please his Diocesan, looked upon him thenceforth as a debtor, and himself as a creditor; and every piece of preferment worth having, found him a candidate, but an unsuccessful one; for everything was, as usual, either given away or promised. At length, a real prize fell vacant, which had been long in prospect; and a swift horse and gig brought him to the Patron's door, to find, alas! that patron struck down with an illness, which finally proved fatal. He was, of course, forbidden all access to the sufferer, and returned home to be confined to his bed for weeks by a bilious attack! All hope having ceased, he became reckless, and in a short time, his living also was vacant.

It is surely better to believe, and act upon the belief, that "God knows best;" though sym-

pathy may well be felt for one upon whom the care of wife and family perhaps sorely presses!

I, however, who am thus preaching, had no such cares pressing on me; and when a letter came from a newly-appointed Indian Bishop saying, "Come to me as soon as you can; I want to speak to you:" of course I went at once. The words spoken were these, "I am going out to India as bishop; will you go with me, and be my chaplain? If so, I can nominate you, as an East India Company's servant."

I thanked the spokesman gratefully, and said I would ask my father, and mother, and medical adviser, and let him know. They all gave willing assent and encouragement. I accepted the offer promptly; was nominated; went to the India House; signed my name in a great folio; and got down from the stool an East Indian chaplain, entitled to a travelling allowance of three hundred pounds, and a prospective income of nine hundred pounds per annum:—a serious change, as I have said, for a young curate!

My curacy was soon filled up; and I was free for preparations. But these were soon arranged; for being reckoned as one of the

bishop's family, ship, cabin, and time of departure, were all fixed, without my cognizance. The interval was occupied by a Presentation at Court, where I saw the Princess Victoria, then thirteen years of age, led by her Mother, the Duchess of Kent, gracefully tripping through the outer to the inner room, smiling and bowing even then, like a young QUEEN:—and by a residence at the East India College, Haileybury, where I was most kindly domiciled, and taken in hand by three learned professors—one for Sanscrit—one for Bengalee—and one for Hindostanee! Alas, alas! I only touched the two first; and made but poor progress in the last. And then the time came for saying "Farewell" to home and friends.

AT SEA.

LIFE at sea is, generally speaking, rather monotonous: calms follow storms; sharks are hooked; the albatross is shot; flying-fish are caught and cooked; ships are spoken with; quarrels are made and made up; and religious services are pleasantly and profitably performed. It was thus in this first voyage; but I have made many more, during a series of years; and incidents connected with them all, had better, I think, be told at once and briefly, under the above heading.

Before I again touched the shores of England, I had travelled, by land and water, more than seventy thousand miles. At three different times, I have been called to use the service for the Burial of the Dead at Sea; and

have seen the end of many "travellers by water," in various forms.

A young lad falls from the mast-head, whilst the ship is sailing ten knots an hour. He disappears, and is no more seen. Recovery is hopeless.

I awoke and rose one morning to see the mainsail splashed with blood from top to bottom. The night had been stormy; one of the upper yards had broken asunder, and in its fall had struck a sailor working on the mainmast. He fell over the ship's side; and there was great murmuring amongst the men, because the ship had not been put about, and the boat lowered.

As I was sadly gazing at the scene, the chief mate, whose watch it was, came to the window of my cabin on the deck, with a strange, circular piece of bone in his hand, bleeding, but hairless.

"What is that?" I asked.

"The top of the poor man's skull," he said, "with the very hair swept off; would it have been of any use to put about the ship?"

The sailors saw it, and were silent.

Once a man fell overboard in the middle of

the day, and as the ship glided past, I saw him endeavouring to clutch its side with his hands; and in his up-turned imploring face, I recognized a fine sailor, but wicked man, who had often attracted my notice by his tall figure and handsome face, and frequent oaths.

In this case the ship was put about. Everybody was on deck. Happily, I had a very good telescope in my hands, and with some difficulty, as the ship was wearing round, kept the drowning man in sight. The captain had the boat lowered, and the man was soon reached. He had caught none of the air-belts which had been thrown overboard, but his head had sunk upon his breast, and his back only was visible above water:—that is, he was floating with suspended breath.

He was brought on board, and laid on deck as a dead man. Bricks were made hot; friction was used; four sailors were rubbing his hands and feet; and the doctor was on the spot with stimulants which he could not get down.

Half an hour passed, and when least expected, sense returned. And what does my reader think followed? Why, a storm of oaths and execrations of the most horrible descrip-

tion—so horrible, that we all drew away, and one of the sailors, who was rubbing his hands, kicked him and said, "Bill, hold your tongue!"

A terrible illustration this of the truth that "in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be" (Eccles. xi. 3) :—that as a man dieth, so must he appear before the judgment-seat of Christ.

> "As the tree falls, so must it lie ;
> As the man lives, so will he die ;
> As the man dies, such must he be
> All through the days of eternity."

Circumstances attendant upon the death of an Indian colonel were much more touching and tender. He was returning to England, after long service as a cavalry officer, to rejoin his family. But a liver complaint rendered his life precarious, and his recovery well-nigh hopeless. As we approached the shores of England, he was a dying man, and I visited him daily in his cabin. His mind opened to truth ; he realized his state; bowed with submission to God's blessed will; and died, I trust, in the faith of Jesus Christ, and with a "good hope through grace."

So far as was possible, he was buried with

military honours. His coffin was covered with a military cloak, and upon it lay his plumed hat, his regimentals, and his gold-mounted sword.

When the words were read—"We commit his body to the deep, to be turned into corruption, looking for the resurrection of the body (when the sea shall give up her dead) and the life of the world to come, through our Lord Jesus Christ"—these military symbols were removed; and the breath came short and with a shudder, as the coffin, launched into the deep, balanced itself for a few moments, and then slowly sunk to the bottom, followed by many tears, and the concluding prayers of the Burial Service.

The colonel had no relatives or special friends on board; but he had given me his wife's address, and begged me to write to her. This I did on the arrival of the ship in England; and she called to thank me, and to ask for help in getting the furniture and other memorials of her husband out of the docks; and "Please, sir, get for me," said a sweet little girl by her side, with her eyes full of tears, "my papa's goat, that I may keep and love it for his sake." I was able to give the needful help.

I have known plenty of "perils by water." In this very ship a kind of mutiny suddenly broke out, threatening us all with destruction. She was a noble and swift-sailing East Indiaman of 1500 tons, but badly found (as they say) by the owners. The ship was old, the masts were old, the sails were old, the ropes were old. A fierce gale tried them all, and the sailors' patience also. The upper works had been suffering greatly; and at length the mainsail suddenly split, and the fragments were knocking everything to pieces.

The captain's voice was heard above the tumult—"All hands to take in the mainsail."

The answer was a growl from the boatswain. "It is nothing but break, break, split, split; I shall strike work."

It was a critical moment, but the officers were equal to the emergency. The captain and chief mate instantly ran up the mainchains, one on the starboard, the other on the larboard side, shouting out, "Follow, follow, follow!" The men heard and obeyed, happily; the mainsail was safely housed, and the ship got into order. One hour after, the boatswain was collared, put into irons, chained to the lower deck, and

dis-rated; and thus he remained till the ship reached home, when he was kicked out.

A voyage in an old worn-out Indian steamer, commanded by an old worn-out Indian pilot, comes also back to mind. We had been caught in a violent storm in the Indian Ocean, and were driven far from any harbour, and thoroughly exhausted by weary days and sleepless nights. The vessel had shipped many heavy seas, and was labouring under her load, when suddenly the boiler burst, and sixty tons of water rushed into the hold.

The captain came up to me and said, "I can do no more. You had better go to prayers."

"We will," I replied, "when I have spoken to the mate."

Now, he was a fine, spirited, middle-aged man, who had been all over the world. He told me that once, when walking in New Zealand, in her early days, he had met a native gnawing a small packet of bones and picking off the meat, and that, when he got near, he saw, to his horror, that it was a human hand!

"What are you going to do with the ship?" I asked.

"What am I going to do?" he replied.

"Why, to pump out the water, and mend the boiler. The men are hard at work on both."

Thus hope mingled with our prayers, when offered. God heard and answered, and we were soon safe in the desired haven.

We are now, however, about to leave the sea; but before doing so, I recall one event which touches upon a scientific question, viz., the phosphorescence of the sea. The result removed all doubt from my own mind; and it may serve perhaps to remove the doubts of others, if Science has not already removed them.

I was sleeping soundly at twelve o'clock one night, when the chief mate of the vessel, whose watch it was, came to my cabin, and called me up to see a sight the like of which he, though an experienced officer, had never beheld. I hurried up; and when on deck, the vessel seemed sailing on a sea of fire! It was, in reality, the phosphoretic light. Before, behind, and on either side, so far as the eye could reach, and covering a space of at least twenty miles, the light extended; and the ship had been sailing over it for at least an hour at the rate of ten knots. There was no moon; the night was, in itself, pitch dark; and yet it was as light as day.

I ran down to my cabin, and brought up a very small type Bible, and, opening it, read with perfect ease, and aloud, some verses from the prophet Ezekiel which had casually opened.

It was not the track of the ship only, where sparks are common enough, but the whole surface of the sea was one blaze of light. What could it be? I determined to do what I could to solve the question, and asked to have a bucket of this liquid fire brought on board. Meanwhile, I prepared the object-glass of a very powerful microscope I had on board. The bucket came up full of bright sparks, and I picked out, with the tip of my finger, some of the brightest; and whilst they were yet shining, I fixed them, wet, upon the object-glass. We all saw them shining; and then I took the glass, and put it carefully aside for the next morning.

The morning light showed the drops of water dried, and the most minute specks of something on the glass. Under the powerful microscope, these specks proved to be fish—dead, of course, and doubled up like shrimps. I drew and painted them, in their magnified form; and I assert without hesitation that the phosphorescence spoken of, is derived from

myriads inconceivable of living animalculæ, carrying lights at sea, like fire-flies or glow-worms on the land.

There could be no mistake in the experiment. Whether there may be animalculæ in other forms which carry light at sea I know not; but those which turned night into day before our eyes were minute shrimp-like forms, with head and legs, and transparent bodies. Light and life departed together from them.

INDIA.

BUT now we leave the sea, and India is before us, with its joys and sorrows, its tragedies and comedies. The pilot is on board. The ship is anchored in the Hooghly, and two small steamers are in sight—the one sent to help the ship up the river; the other bringing Daniel Corrie, Archdeacon of Calcutta, and Dr. Mill, Principal of Bishop's College, with kindly greetings and good wishes.

And now I must remember that I am neither writing history nor biography; but having mentioned two names closely entwined with my Indian reminiscences, I may fairly dwell upon them for a little while.

Daniel Corrie, as he stood on deck, was tall and stout, with a winning face, white hair, and genial smile; and we soon found that to know

him was to love him. He had been the friend of Henry Martyn, and David Brown, and every good man in India, and the helper in all good works. In his character a little gentle humour mingled with deep seriousness, whilst true holiness and perfect disinterestedness walked hand-in-hand.

He filled his office as Archdeacon efficiently, though not methodically; for I have seen his writing-desk, so crammed with papers that it would not shut, tenanted by a mouse, with a comfortable and undisturbed nest full of young ones!

One characteristic incident I can recall. On the banks of the River Hooghly are many pleasant residences; and in one of them, about fifteen miles from Calcutta, shelter had been sought from the sultry heats of summer. I was one day the only one at home, when, lifting up my eyes, I saw two Englishmen near the garden gate, pale, exhausted, and dripping with water from head to foot. They were seeking our house, having just escaped from a watery grave. It was Archdeacon Corrie, and a young medical friend. They had been sailing up the river on some ecclesiastical business in a Bho-

liah, or decked boat with mast and sails, when they were suddenly overtaken by what, in India, and perhaps elsewhere, is called a "bore." The rush of the river running down meets the irresistible swell of the flood-tide coming up, and the result is a sudden elevation of the water near one or other of the banks to a height of ten, or even occasionally twenty feet.

Woe to the vessel caught fairly by it! It caught the Archdeacon's Bholiah, and turned it bottom upwards in a moment. Their escape was most providential. The sail floated, entangled them in its folds, and saved their lives, and the lives of all on board. Upheld by it for the moment, they were able to climb up to the keel, and sit upon it. Deliverance followed; and being near our friendly house, they sought refuge in it. Every restorative, under the doctor's direction, was promptly supplied; and, freshly clothed from head to foot, they lay down together in an upper chamber, for rest and recovery.

After a little while, I went up to see if anything was wanting; and I heard the Archdeacon's voice, talking, as I concluded, with his friend. I was not far wrong; he was

talking with his friend: but that Friend was GOD.

"You have just come in time," he said, "we were trying to render praise and thanksgiving to God for His goodness and mercy to us. Now kneel down, and thank Him with us and for us."

This was truly characteristic of the man. He walked with God like Enoch, and talked with God like Abraham.

Before long, the See of Madras was constituted, and he was appointed first Bishop: but before he left Calcutta, he committed to my charge several of the special duties which had appertained to himself; and, in truth, his Archidiaconal duties were for a time entrusted to me.

Amongst the special duties were the Ministerial charge of a church in Calcutta, in the erection of which he had been mainly instrumental; and the Editorship of a Church Magazine, which for very many years he had superintended.

The first of these gave me a pleasant relief from merely official attendance, and brought under Church influence a large and important

body of men and women in Calcutta, known formerly as "Half-castes," but now everywhere, and very properly known as "East Indians." The church had been avowedly erected for them: but it was free, and was attended by all sorts and conditions of men; and I trust that Divine grace was not withholden.

Sunday schools were then comparatively unknown in India; for who was to attend them, when all Europeans were masters, and all artisans natives? But a considerable body of East Indians were now collected, and each corner of the Free Church below, and of the gallery above, became a little Sunday school, as the sacred day came on.

This was held in the afternoon. Divine services were in the morning and evening. In the evening the heat was bearable; but even now I often smile, when on a hot summer's day an officiating clergyman is seen wiping his brow, and I recall the two little puddles of perspiration on the floor of the reading-desk in Calcutta, caused by the droppings from the surplice sleeves; and that in spite of open window shutters and waving punkahs!

The Magazine caused more anxiety. It

had originally a Missionary aim, but now it became, almost necessarily, somewhat "Churchy"; and bearing a semi-official character, its influence spread all over Bengal and the North-Western Provinces. Every chaplain read it, and every station circulated it; and it did its part, I trust, in honouring Christ, checking evil, and promoting unity. From its pages the "Church Building Society for India" sprang forth. A thousand subscribers contributed their "one rupee per month:" a mode of payment familiar enough in India, where all salaries, whether of three, thirty, three hundred, or three thousand rupees, are all payable monthly:—and very many Churches have been erected, or aided by the fund thus raised.

It vigorously supported also the introduction of infant schools in India. A first-rate master, excellent and pious, who afterwards obtained holy orders, and still lives an ornament to his profession, was brought from England; and I remember few more striking sights than one hundred native infants presented, after a little while, on their platform, as drawn from the harems of the native gentry, clothed in gorgeous robes, with their dark skins and flashing

eyes, repeating verses and singing songs in simple English words.

Whether the system has taken root, and remains, I do not know; for whereas in early days our East Indian bishops laid themselves out to do good, and were helpers in every good work, some of them seem now inclined to be hinderers!

But ere I leave the Magazine and its work, one figure comes into view—that of the good and clever, but eccentric missionary, Dr. Wolff. He figured in its pages. Converted from Judaism, he first joined the Church of Rome, and took some steps with a view to holy orders in that Church. His visit to Bokhara may be remembered, and his sojourn with Runjeet Singh. From thence he travelled down through the Upper Provinces to Calcutta, halting at every station, and preaching in every church in his way—the chaplains taking him at his word that he was in holy orders, though a seceder from Rome. But those at the fountain-head knew better. And in the Magazine an article appeared, containing an extract from a work on the "Forms and Ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church," by the then celebrated Dr.

Chaloner, of Douai. This placed Joseph Wolff, by his own showing, upon the third only of the seven steps necessary for the ascent to holy orders. He had, in reality, received authority only to serve at Mass, and to light the candles. His preaching was therefore stopped; and when he reached Calcutta, his public addresses were confined to lectures in the Town Hall.

This was not pleasant to him; but he acquiesced; and, in after-years, recognized his error by seeking holy orders in the Anglican Church. A benefice in the North soon opened to him. He was happy in his marriage, and the birth of his now distinguished son. And he became—what shall I say? A *good* or a *high* Churchman? Let the reader decide the point when he has heard the following story, told me by Dr. Hook himself.

Dr. Wolff's living was not far from Leeds, and he was invited, on some special occasion, to preach in one of the Leeds out-townships. It had been much neglected, and was consequently full of Dissent. But a church had been recently erected, and matters looked more hopeful. Before service, Dr. Hook spoke a few

cautionary words touching the peculiarity of the district, and the character of a long-neglected population; and he begged Dr. Wolff to remember this, and to modify the strong statements he was wont to make touching Church and Dissent. The Doctor promised compliance, and preached a good sermon to a crowded church. Warming with his subject, which had reference to ministerial responsibility and authority, he asked his hearers to consider whence that authority was derived.

"God's ministers," he said, "are called 'shepherds.' Who appoints the shepherd—the sheep, or the farmer? The FARMER. They are called 'watchmen.' Who appoints the watchman — the thief, or the householder? The HOUSEHOLDER. They are called 'stewards.' Who appoints the steward — the tenants, or the landlord? The LANDLORD. They are called 'ambassadors.' Who appoints the ambassador—the people, or the king? The KING. I know," he added, "that Dissenters will always choose their own ministers, and then receive their ministrations; and I would be very careful not to give offence, or to say an unkind word; but

I do *tremble* for them, I do TREMBLE for them!"

And then he came down, smiling, into the vestry, and went to Dr. Hook, holding out his hand, and saying, "Did I not do as you wished? Did I not modify?"

The other friend I mentioned as standing on the deck of the steamer was Dr. Mill, the Principal of Bishop's College, Calcutta. He was in the prime of life, rather under-sized, full of intelligence, but somewhat shy in manner. He was a High Churchman, but not then so extreme as in after-years. He was one of the best Sanscrit scholars, if not the very best, in India. His "Christa Sangita" is still upon my book-shelves. It produced a great sensation at the time, but I fear is now nearly forgotten. It is an epic poem, and was originally suggested by the attempt of a learned native, resident for a time at Bishop's College, but still a heathen, to turn the first chapter of St. John's Gospel into Sanscrit verse. The attempt naturally failed; and the pen was laid down. But Dr. Mill took it up again.

The work then assumed the form of a dia-

logue between "teacher and scholar," in which, first, the Old Testament history, and then the New, were introduced. The scholar is interested; and suggests doubts, or makes inquiries; and in answer to these, the "Evidences" from prophecy, miracles, and morality are introduced; and the whole is concluded by the conviction and conversion of the scholar; and the choral offering up of praise, by both, in the "Te Deum."

Dr. Mill's Moonshee himself told me, that whilst walking up and down, in the late hours of the night and early hours of the morning, pouring out verse after verse in Sanscrit, to be copied down, he seemed to be inspired; and I remember well, that when on visitation, the camp being pitched near to a Brahmin College full of very learned Pundits, they sent to make inquiries, and a young Christian native, to answer these inquiries, took with him a copy of the "Christa Sangita," they detained him all night long, to read it to them. When read, they, with one voice, pronounced it to be "a divine work."

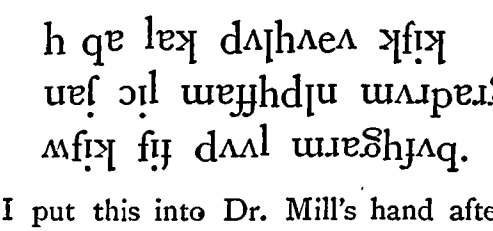
Dr. Mill was equally skilful in deciphering inscriptions, written in unknown characters.

Nothing is more common in Upper India than to find, adjoining their temples, and forming almost part of the fabric, pillars of stone, or portions of the adjacent rock, covered with inscriptions, asserting the sacred character of the building, and the fabled history of the god worshipped therein. These inscriptions are not cut into the surface of the rock or pillar, but project therefrom; the pillar or rock itself is cut away and forms the ground of the inscription. And I fully believe that in this Eastern custom, is found an explanation of the controverted text in 1 Tim. iii. 15, for here we find at once "the pillar and ground" of the truth. The "truth" stands out; the "pillar" and the "ground" are one.

Many of these inscriptions were and are written in characters forgotten and unknown, but still decipherable by learned men like Dr. Mill; and I remember that when travelling together, and expressing my doubts upon the subject, he bade me test him by writing something in arbitrary characters, and seeing whether he could translate it.

I forthwith proceeded to do so, and wrote a sentence like the one following, though, not of

course, in the same letters; taking care that each letter of the same form, should have the same sound.*



I put this into Dr. Mill's hand after early dinner at three o'clock. He took it into his tent and set to work. Darkness drew on, and about 9.0 p.m. I looked in, and told him he had better give up. He scorned the idea. At 9.30 I told him I was going to bed—a matter of necessity when the tent pegs are tapped at 3.0 a.m. But before the candle was blown out, a hand was thrust into the curtain of my tent, with the translation clearly and correctly written.

In the morning I asked for some clue to his method of discovering the hidden meaning; and he gave me the following hints:—"First, I

* It must be understood that the form of the letters here adopted, is simply to facilitate the printing, and prevent the necessity of engraving. But a solitary 'h,' has nothing to do with the letter *h*; nor a twisted 'a' with the letter *a*.

said to myself, the inscription must be written in Greek, Latin, French, English, or Hindoostanee, for the writer knows no other languages. It was written too quickly and off-hand for Greek or Latin. There is no reason why it should be in French. It must then be in English or Hindostanee. I will try English first. Now in English, single letters must be *a*, *i*, or *o*. I will try "*a*," and then he put the letter "a," under all the forms of "h." Then he recalled words of two letters involving *a*, such as, an, at, etc.; and put *s* or *n* or *t* adjoining the supposed a; but no light appeared. Then he tried successively the *o*, and the *i* for the h; and recalled the fact that in many English words such as *deceive*, *perceive*, *conceive*, etc., the *i* and the *e* were connected so that the one told of the other.

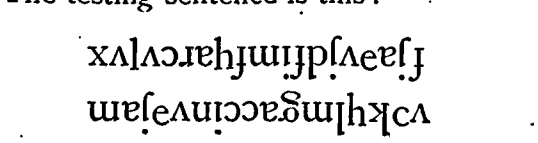
And thus he worked away, on a series of experiments and guessings, till the whole came out deciphered.

"And what was the real meaning?" the reader may ask.

Ah! that he must find out. If he cannot, after the clue given, it must remain an unsolved problem. Dr. Mill is cleverer than he!

But some leisurely reader may say that this is merely old-fashioned trickery, and is easily found out. I venture, however, to suggest that the easiness results from the hints dropped, and the separated words. Another test, therefore, shall be proposed, without these helps. In old Hebrew, and some Greek and Latin MSS., as well as in Eastern inscriptions, the words are not separated, but the letters run on consecutively. Thus, therefore, it shall be in the sentence now proposed. Moreover, the language in which it is written shall not be told; and I will not say whether the arbitrary characters in this second sentence represent the same letters as in the first; they cannot be the same in every case, because there are letters in the one, which are not to be found in the other.

The testing sentence is this:—



If now the reader can translate, and hand it into the curtains of my tent before nightfall, he

will be entitled to a page in the "Asiatic Researches."

In the year 1837, Dr. Mill returned to England. He was courteously received by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and appointed his chaplain. But Archbishop Howley had been spoilt in the matter of Chaplains, by having one who nursed him in sickness and counselled him in health; who was a sound Churchman, but moderate in the expression of it; and who deservedly obtained, and still enjoys a position, and a home dear to every Anglican clergyman. Whereas the new chaplain was absent, shy, and yet (they often go together) very outspoken. He was soon therefore presented to a good living; and having built himself a house, he went into residence. He wrote much: the tide rose high: and the waves of controversy beat about him, and rebounded from him. Into these matters I do not enter. The far-famed bronze Tomb in Ely Cathedral represents him at rest, with two young Hindoo students kneeling at his feet. So also Bishop Corrie rests in his own Cathedral at Madras, under a noble Monument, telling of his many excellences.

The friendship of two individuals, so emin-

ent for piety, and for learning, stands prominent amongst the pleasant reminiscences of my Indian life.

But I have referred to India's *joys* and *sorrows*, and these also require notice.

Its *joys* I have known; for in India I married; and with a sweet young wife came love, and joy, and sympathy. All the charms of Calcutta society were at once opened; and who that recalls the names of Bentinck, Metcalf, Russell, Ryan, Malkin, Ross, Macaulay, Shakespear, Prinsep, Macnaghten, Bushby, Mangles, Trevelyan, Leith, Udny, Elliot, Braddon, Higginson, Beatty, and many others which have escaped my memory, will ever forget the cheerfulness and kindliness, the refined and polished intercourse, that then prevailed. The constant interchange of visits, the buzzing chits, the extempore tiffins, the pale ale, the canter in the early morning, the afternoon siesta, the drive at eventide—all these were on the sunny side of the way. State dinners and ecclesiastical receptions are all very well; but a young wife and an open house are necessary to make life cheerful, when far from home; and to

afford pleasant reminiscences of bygone days. One or two illustrations may suffice.

A brother and sister come out from England. The brother is called away to duty on his way, and the sister comes alone to Calcutta. She is gladly welcomed, and makes her home with us for many weeks. Her converse was very charming, and her memory so wonderful, that the impression still remains. I tested her with Keble's "Christian Year;" and though dodged with "Saints' Days" and "Sundays," and checked with an open book, I never knew her make a mistake in her repetition. If that is not memory, I know not what is!

I was riding round the course one day at sunrise, when a young civilian of high repute joined me. In the course of conversation he asked about our guest.

"What did I think of her? Was she nice?"

"Come and see, and judge for yourself," I said.

"May I come? And will you introduce me?" he asked.

"Yes, surely," I replied. "Make a little business as an excuse, and come early this morning."

He came, and I took him in to the ladies, and he had a pleasant hour's talk, followed by many others equally pleasant, and eventually by a very happy marriage, a return to England, and a life of usefulness and distinction.

A very sweet young lady, of sincere piety, was sought in marriage by a handsome Indian officer, universally popular, and greatly admired. She thought it well to take counsel with me, and to learn her course of duty. Now I was in no sense responsible, though the religious question was doubtless involved. I had to learn whether it was well to speak or be silent—whether the bias was on the surface of her mind, or deep down. I probed, and found no bottom. Why, then, disturb what I had no power to prevent? I could only tell all I felt or feared, and refer her to our "Counsellor."

She married, and was happy; but whether her religion subsided into his, or his rose to hers, I never knew.

These are a few touches of India's joys. I now turn to its many *sorrows;* for these, alas! I have known too well. I do not dwell on the home-sickness, so much more deeply felt in my time, when the answer to a letter was eight

months at least on its journey, than now, when a few weeks suffice, or the telegraph brings a response in a few hours. Nor do I speak of the depressing character of the climate, and the irritation which it excites; nor of the assaults of the abominable mosquitoes by day and night!

Many of India's sorrows, moreover, are of a temporary character, though very real; as in my time, when all the great agency houses, the Banks of India, almost without exception, failed, spreading ruin far and wide, blighting many hopes of a return to home and friends, and compelling worn-out men to begin life over again. Twenty or thirty years of service were thus rendered of no avail; for, tempted by the high rate of interest granted by these houses, the whole accumulation of property was in their hands, and, by their failure, it vanished away. I wrote a paper in the magazine before referred to, called "Troublous Times," which was appreciated and gave comfort at the time. It may give comfort still in troublous times, and is inserted in the Appendix.

The real sorrows of India were *sickness* and *separation*—sickness, so sudden and fatal, that

oftentimes the black-edged card of an invitation was received to attend the funeral of a friend with whom, twenty-four hours before, you had ridden round the course;—and sickness, when not so fatal, leading to a long separation from the much-loved wife and children. The children of English parents in India are, I think, the most beautiful in the world. It may be partly the impression produced by contrast between their flaxen hair and fair complexion, and the dusky skins and black eyes of their ayahs and bearers. One little fellow I call to mind as the picture of loveliness; and the story I heard of him suggests the thoughts which may be passing through the mind of the pictured child listening in church to "the first sermon."

When about three years old, the little boy I speak of, was taken to church in Calcutta for the first time. He was told to be very quiet and good, for he was going to God's house. The organ struck its first loud note of preparation for the voluntary. The child turned pale, and looking, awe-struck, up to his mamma, whispered, "Is that God speaking?"

I remember a similar impression made on a very young child on a similar occasion. She

was told, "You are going to church to hear God's Word. Mind that you sit quiet and listen." To which she responded after service, "I saw God go up into the pulpit, and I listened quite quietly."

But my best story, perhaps, was of a dear little girl in a clergyman's family. After early family prayers, all went to bed; and when Mamma went round for the last kiss, this little one was wide awake.

"Why are you not asleep, my child? You are not afraid of being in the dark, are you?"

"Oh, no, mamma; I am never afraid after papa has put us into the ship."

"What do you mean? What ship are you speaking of?"

"Why, mamma, the ship papa puts us into just as prayers are finished."

And then it appeared that the child found refuge from all night-fears in the "fellow-SHIP of the Holy Ghost"!

But, alas! children in India, however beautiful and dear, are but like birds of passage. The nest is soon deserted, and when the mother takes flight with them, all the miseries of single life begin again. On these I will not longer

dwell; but having mentioned India's TRAGEDIES, I will relate a few in which I was directly or indirectly concerned, and which come back as reminiscences.

A very pleasing young lady came out to India, as usual in those days, on the invitation of some friends; but on her arrival, they had been driven from their station by some changes or sorrows, and she was indebted to Indian hospitality for a home. It was a military station, and her hand was soon sought by a young officer, who ought not to have thought of marriage. Inexperienced and innocent, she listened to the devilish advice of a lady, who told her that even if she found home dull, she might find amusement with the other young officers of the station, and married.

In a very short time they were separated, and she sought refuge in the chaplain's house, where I met with and conversed with her. The case admitted of no remedy within the power of man. But before very long the husband died, and she returned to England, very nearly penniless, if not friendless.

About twenty years after, I was Vicar of a large, popular, and populous watering-place, and

preached, as usual, on a Thursday evening. A solitary lady sat during the service in a distant pew, unnoticed and unknown. What her thoughts may have been I know not; but after service she overwhelmed the verger with inquiries—Who was the preacher? What was his name? Where did he come from? Had he ever been in India? And the next morning I had a tremulous note, signed by the well-remembered name, and asking for an interview. I called at once, and lived past time over again. And to such a tale of woe I never listened! I need not repeat events which had very nearly, if not quite, unhinged her mind; and this interview was followed by a flood of correspondence in which both God and man were charged with inflicting on her a life of poverty, privation, and hopeless misery.

I did what I could, both temporally and spiritually, to calm her, and lead to "peace with God, through Jesus Christ." And she left in a better frame of mind, and with one hopeful prospect of a temporal character, which was in truth realized: for a rich old uncle, died soon after, and left his whole property to be divided amongst his nephews and nieces, of whom she

was one. Two thousand pounds fell to her share, and she wrote to ask counsel as to its disposal. But my counsel fell to the ground; for before the fund was taken full possession of, she was dead—and under what circumstances I never heard. Was ever tragedy more sad!

Yes, another may be deemed more sad, because darkened by sin.

A beautiful Scotch Lassie came out to India, and was soon married to a gallant, but somewhat elderly colonel. A family of children gathered round them, and they were very happy —till Satan tempted, and sin triumphed.

A person of high repute and great ability, saw, and fell desperately in love with her. His pursuit was reckless and determined. Her family being at home, and her husband detained by regimental duty, she naturally sought shelter from the summer heats with a friend on the hills. Exercise there is generally taken on mountain ponies, with a syce, or native horse-keeper, in attendance. Thus she would be attended, and thus was assisted each morning and evening in mounting or dismounting, not by a native syce, but by a man as slightly clothed, and with face, arms, and feet stained

the deep native tinge. One glance at length betrayed her lover!

Then, again, a native merchant, or pedlar, called in India a "muslin-waller," would ask leave to display his wares; and as they were spread out in the bungalow, and she was inquiring as to prices, and making purchases, a glance would meet *her* eye, and tell *his* tale! Perseverance like this, unchecked as I presume it was (for I only heard this part of the story), overcame all obstacles. Husband and children were for the time forgotten, and one house sheltered the tempter and the tempted.

But an account was soon called for, and a duel fought. The outraged husband met the seducer. Three times the pistol was fired with deadly intent by the one; three times it was fired in the air by the other. The seconds then peremptorily interfered, and the matter ended.

The Bishop and his party were travelling up the country some time after these events, when tidings reached us of the old Colonel's death, followed by an express from the Civilian, who then held high office, earnestly requesting an episcopal licence for marriage, and the services

of a chaplain. What could be done? The licence was issued, and I was sent as chaplain to marry the parties, and, so far, end the scandal and the sin.

I was received with all possible courtesy; and there being no church within a hundred miles or more, I fitted up a room; and, when surpliced, the lady appeared, and the service commenced. I will not enter into details, but I remember well that when I joined their hands, hers were like a flame of fire!

Some serious conversation followed, with the husband. Neither need this be noted further than to say that he begged me to see and talk to his wife. Her state of mind, he said, was most distressing. She would spend hours of the night by her bedside in tears and prayers; and yet, when deeply sympathizing with her, he had offered her full freedom in every sense, she frantically refused to entertain the thought; and he was entirely helpless.

I was, of course, willing to see and converse with her, and indeed I hoped, now that one cause of misery was removed, "godly sorrow might work repentance unto salvation," and the next morning was fixed for the inter-

view. But it failed. She sent word by him that she could not see me; and I departed.

A fee of five hundred rupees and a grateful letter followed me to the camp; but the money was refused and returned. It came back again "to be given to the poor;" but it was again returned. I told him "he could himself give it to the poor, but it must not pass through my hands."

I saw them no more in life.

Another sad tragedy occurs to my mind. A young civil servant came to India before my time, full of spirit and life: popular and pleasant he must have been; and he would learn in those times how easy it was to borrow money, and how hard to repay it. At all events, when he "came to himself," and returned to England on furlough, the state of his finances was a problem he could not solve.

This was unhappy: for during his residence in England, he paid his addresses to a most sweet and pious young lady, who was quite willing to cast in her lot with him. But friends interposed; and he was required to return to India, and set his affairs in order. That done, the lady of his choice should come out to him.

It so happened that in his case, the old saying came true, that "one man's food is another man's poison." His debts were due to the agency houses I have already referred to; and their need of money was so great, that speaking figuratively, five thousand pounds in cash, paid to them, sufficed to wipe off fifty thousand pounds of debt owing to them. That which seemed hopeless, became therefore full of hope; and for a certain amount of ready money paid down, all past debts were wiped out, and he was honestly and honourably a free man —and a happy man. For his letters were written, and his lady set sail, and his bungalow was furnished, and his wedding Bholiah bought, and his leave of absence from his station applied for. Some delay occurred in this last matter, from the want of a supply at the proper moment, so that the lady arrived in Calcutta before he was ready to meet her. But she was most kindly received by friends, who lived in the suburbs at the river side, and stayed with them for a week or two in glad expectation.

Once at liberty, my friend hurried down as fast as tide, and oars, and sails could bring him,

and landed at the Ghât, leading to the house of shelter and of hope. But a hearse, with black plumes, stood at the door, and mourning coaches stood ready to follow; for death had entered the dwelling. A sudden attack of Eastern cholera had blighted all the fair prospects of life, and the bride was sealed up in her coffin! "I knew it would be so," he said; and had the coffin opened, and sat for an hour by the side of her he loved so dearly; and then followed her to the grave, and has been a quiet and submissive Christian mourner for forty-five years!

Another tragedy has touched my heart, and fixed itself in my memory.

Two dear young ladies were companions in a long voyage—the one healthy and strong, the other an invalid, and confined to her cot. At the termination of the voyage, both were received by their expectant friends in the Upper Provinces, and disappeared from our sight. We only heard after a time that both were happily married—the one to a civil servant of the same name, the other to a cavalry officer.

In our movements from place to place, we came into friendly contact with the latter pair, and spent a pleasant day or two in their com-

pany. The husband was, I think, one of the handsomest officers I ever saw; his uniform light blue and covered with silvered trappings, his shining helmet, his gold-mounted sword, his broad chest, his rounded cheek, his merry eye:—all were most attractive. No wonder that his wife loved him dearly, and, with her little child by her side, was supremely happy. He was ordered with his regiment to join the troops under Sir Charles Napier, marching into Sindh to attack the Sikhs. His wife, wishing to be near, was with him on her way to Bombay.

The terrible battles that followed were to us matters of history, when, about ten years afterwards, I was staying with a friend at Cheltenham. Evening was creeping on, when a hand-chair, with a lady and child, drew up at the door; she inquired for me, and entered my solitary room. It was a widow lady in deepest mourning; and when the veil was lifted up, I recognized the "lady of the cot." She had heard of my being at Cheltenham, and, shrinking from the "garish day," had sought me out at eventide.

I listened to her tale of recovered health, of her happy marriage, of the birth of the dear

little one at her side, of her husband's failing health, and recent death, and of her desolate widowhood. For all this, she sought and found true sympathy:—her little child of five years old sitting at my feet, and gazing at my face.

The sister's history, the "soldier's wife," I then asked for, and heard that he had joined the army, and had distinguished himself by many acts of gallantry. In the last dreadful battle of the war, his regiment was directed to charge the Sikh horse. A "nullah," or narrow stream, the soil from which formed a small embankment, and an additional hindrance, was interposed, and had to be cleared at the gallop. Our friend, the handsome captain, was the first to clear it, sword in hand. But before he could perfectly recover his seat, a fierce Sikh, with an arm like a giant's, and a sword like a razor, made a rush at him, and with one back stroke, severed his head from his body—so completely severed it, that the Havildar, who was close at hand, could not tell whether head or body first fell to the ground! The poor widow was now living, sheltered, with two children, in his mother's house.

All this I heard, with the fire burning low,

with only gas from the street lamps shining into the darkened room, with the poor little child, overcome with fatigue, sleeping stretched out upon the hearthrug. Is it any wonder that we mingled tears and prayers!

Many years after, I was visiting at Bishopsthorpe; and sitting by one of the Archbishop's (Vernon Harcourt) daughters, she talked to me about my life and adventures in India: and I told her this sad story. Her eyes got dim, her cheek grew pale, and she suddenly stopped me:

"Oh, how shocking! You make me quite faint. Oh, why did you tell me? Do you not know I am going to marry a colonel? Oh, please tell me no more!"

And perhaps the reader may say the same; so that I will say no more about India's tragedies.

I have spoken also of Comedies: but that word does not express my meaning. There are no comedies in India; but one reminiscence may excite perhaps a smile. I call it "getting the legs down."

In the South of India we came across a chaplain, tall, handsome, young, and somewhat stiff-backed, who had come into very serious

collision with the Colonel commanding the station. A short official interview led the Bishop to decline any active interference.

"I shall be able to do nothing with him personally," he said to me; "manage matters your own way." So that it became a question of brotherhood, and not of authority.

"Now, tell me all about this turmoil," I said, when we were sitting side by side. And he told me all about it.

The Colonel was a godless man, profane, immoral, irreligious. He showed it in every way, but chiefly in church, where attendance was his duty.

"I have said what I could to check all this," the chaplain told me, "and have spoken my mind freely on the subject."

"To whom?" I asked, interrupting him.

"Why, to the young officers, of course," he replied; and then narrated the behaviour in church, which he considered irreverent and insulting.

"He sits in the corner of his pew, with folded arms and a smile of ridicule upon his face during my sermon."

"And what do you do?" I asked.

"Why, I preach about the reverence due to God's house. I take for texts such passages as —'Thou God seest me'; 'This is none other than the house of God,' etc. I speak of Uzziah, struck with leprosy in the Temple, and such-like topics, often fixing my eye upon the Colonel's pew."

"And what is the result?"

"Why, would you believe it? For several Sundays past he has been sitting with his legs up on the ledge, amongst the Prayer-books, laughing at me."

"Ah, well! very sad, very sad! But the problem now to be solved seems to be, How to get the legs down? You have tried one way, will you promise me, as a brother clergyman, to try another?"

He hesitated.

"I only ask for a six weeks' trial. If it fails, follow your own course."

Then he promised.

"I have three conditions to make," I said: "1st. You are never, under any temptation or chaffing, to mention this matter again to any of the young officers. 2ndly. You are never, in church, to cast even a glance at the Colonel, or

his legs. 3rdly. You have, no doubt, old sermons, preached in England, on grand topics, such as—'Come unto Me, all that travail and are heavy laden,' etc.; 'Him that cometh unto Me,' etc.; 'This is a faithful saying,' etc.; 'The Sermon on the Mount'; the love of Christ, the sufferings of Christ, the grace of Christ, etc. Preach these old sermons; and for six weeks never put pen to paper to write a new one. And then, fulfilling these conditions, and keeping your promise, write to me six weeks hence, and tell me the result."

At the end of six weeks, I had a letter from him in the following words :—

"DEAR SIR,—The legs have come down, and all is well. Many thanks,—Yours truly,

"_____ _____."

His course in India afterwards was prosperous and useful; and he obtained official rank, and the general control over others, as the result, under God, of taking well-intentioned advice himself.

Another story, touching another chaplain, had a different ending, because of the advice being received in a rebellious spirit. The pre-

vious circumstances were much the same as those before-mentioned, for differences between commanding officers and chaplains were common in my time. The occasion, however, was different. The station was a much larger and more important one; and the question was about the erection of a Church. The Government sent to the military officer in command, to ask how many the Church ought to be built to hold; and the officer wrote to the chaplain to ask his opinion. The occasion was taken advantage of by the chaplain most unadvisedly; and he wrote to say that if the General in command was a God-fearing man, if he set a good example to those under him, if he led a moral life, if he regularly attended Church, etc., then seats for eight hundred or one thousand would be required; but if, on the contrary, he was an irreligious man, if he rarely attended Church, if he set a bad example, etc., etc., then two or three hundred seats would be sufficient.

A copy of this letter was sent to me personally, and privately, almost before the ink was dry; and it was responded to by return of post.

I warned him that the letter was indefensible. If laid before Government, his removal would be inevitable, and all his many plans of usefulness would fall to the ground. I hoped that an opportunity of withdrawing the letter, and substituting another one straightforward and unsneering, would be afforded him; and I prayed him as a brother clergyman (and unofficially) to avail himself of it. It turned out as I feared. The chaplain's letter had been forwarded to the Commander-in-chief, and the next day his carriage stood at the Bishop's door. I had nothing to do with their conference, but it was decided that the letter should be returned to the chaplain, with a request for a more specific answer.

Now appeared, unhappily, the rebellious and self-willed spirit which clergymen, pleading conscience, sometimes show. The chaplain merely acknowledged the letter, and said he had no other answer to give than that he had already given. And, in ten days' time, a notice appeared in the Government Gazette, removing him from his important station, and fixing him at another, outside India.

I never saw, or heard from him again.

WILTSHIRE.

But now the scene changes, and, as in a dissolving view, the sunny plains of India, its heathen temples, and Christian Churches, gradually fade, and give place to a pleasant town on the borders of the Wiltshire Downs, with its Mayor and Corporation, its market-place, its Town Hall, its four thousand inhabitants, half assigned to a Rectory, and half to a Vicarage.

The Vicarage was mine, valued at £90 per annum, and a house with four rooms, and brick floors:—rather a change from £900 per annum, and a palace! But still it was a pleasant change, for I rejoined wife and family. Sickness had driven me from India, and I was sent home on medical certificate for a three years' furlough. The voyage, the rest, the re-union, and a three months' tour in Scotland, restored, if it did not

re-establish, my health, and I was ready for duty when it came unsought. The parish had been greatly neglected. This, in 1840, when all was life in the Church, could only be excused by the fact that the vicar was very old. There was no service on wet Sundays; when a sick person wanted a visit, the vicar sent a shilling, and said that would do him more good than his prayers; the Holy Communion had not been administered for eighteen months; and every one seemed to do what was right in his own eyes.

Amongst other things, a parishioner had erected a gravestone, and on it these words were carved: "Prepare to meet thy God!" When the old vicar saw it, he said he would have no Methodism in his churchyard; and, sending for a mason, he had the words chiselled out! The "aggrieved parishioner" complained to the Bishop, and the vicar was required to replace the inscription. He refused, and threw up the living. I did not disturb or displace him, and he lived in the old house to the day of his death; whilst I engaged a furnished house in the neighbourhood, came in to the Church twice a week for prayers and intercourse with

inquiring parishioners, and took prompt measures for the erection of a proper parsonage.

The recoil from a state of things in the parish such as I have described, might be expected; and it was very striking, and gave cause for many thanksgivings to God. The church was crowded; and, half an hour before the doors were opened, hundreds of the poor and old were waiting to secure the free seats. Church restoration has since taken place, but I was only there long enough to provide such additional accommodation as the building admitted of. My patron was a Dean; the Bishop was most courteous; and both were helpers in God's work. It would not become me to enter into particulars, but one reminiscence of interest will serve as an illustration.

Waiting in the vestry, as usual, on one occasion, a young and most interesting person came in, accompanied by an older friend. She was in tears, and came to say that she had been attending church, and had heard what had made her most anxious for her soul's salvation. She specified one sermon which had brought her to her knees in tears and prayers; and now she could no longer refrain from seeking counsel

and encouragement. It was no matter of impulse. There was conviction of sin, sorrow for a gay, careless, irreligious life, and an earnest desire to dedicate herself henceforth, body and soul, to Christ's service. I need not say that we became fast friends; and I have never ceased to thank God for making me instrumental in her conversion.

One day she came to me with a case of doubt. Her father and sister were good and kind, but gay and worldly; and cards had been issued, against her wish, for a ball. What should she do? In time past she should have enjoyed it, but now she could not. What was her path of duty? I advised her thus: Spread the matter before God. In your case, consistency, and some decision of character, is necessary. In a simple matter of "dancing" there may be no harm; but to you it may do harm. Ask that you may be kept from harm, and that the event may be overruled for good. Your kindness, gentleness, and good temper may win father and sister to Christ; whereas sourness and selfishness may drive them away. Be present at the gathering; be courteous and kind to all. Do not dance. "I do not dance" is

often and easily said, and you may say it without offence. Pray after, as well as before; and come to me here again this day fortnight. I shall be able to judge whether you have got harm or not.

She came in a fortnight—bright, cheerful, and happy. "No need to ask any questions," I said; "you have got no harm."

"I hope not," she replied; "but father and sister are very kind, and they are attending your church with me."

But this is not the end. Shortly after, a pious, excellent Church Missionary came into the town on a visit. He was going out, and was seeking a suitable companion for his work. A neighbouring clergyman gathered a little company round his table, and amongst them my young friend:—who, in due time became the Missionary's wife, his helper in every good work, the sharer of all his many trials, and the happy mother of a sweet and numerous family. A high position in the Church awaited him, and God's blessing, I believe, still rests on him and his.

But this is not all I have to say. Before leaving, the dear lady asked for a copy of the

sermon which had arrested her attention and led to her conversion. She named the text, and I said that I had preached a double sermon from that text. I supposed she meant the first of the two. Now I said this because I thought the first was the best. The second, I thought poor. But, NO; it was the second she meant, and the second I copied for her. I have since re-written the first; but I have never dared to re-write the second. I learnt a useful lesson from this fact, and have ever since looked more to God for His blessing.

I have been reminded of a story told of Dr. McNeile, of a similar character. He had been preaching to a large gathering of Clergy, with his usual eloquence and power, and the evening being passed in his company, I asked him as to the secret of his command of words, his unhesitating delivery, and consecutive reasoning; and he said, referring to the sermon just preached, that it was all at home, written, not *verbatim*, but on a long strip of paper, topic after topic, thought after thought, separate and consecutive; and that thus written and fixed in memory, he saw it, as it were, on the front of the gallery before him, and when one point

was ended he went on to another, thus avoiding all hesitation and repetition. I then referred to the story just alluded to, told it to him, and asked if it was true. He said, "Yes, as to all main particulars."

The story was this: That he had prepared a certain sermon with great care, and had reason to hope that it would be attended with a great blessing; for which he had sought with earnest prayer. The sermon was preached with great effect, and he came down from the pulpit full of hope. A widow woman stopped him on his way to the vestry, and begged a word.

"Ah!" he said to himself, "it is coming, as I expected. I thought it would not be preached in vain."

Then to the widow, "What part of the sermon struck you most—the beginning or the ending?"

"Well, sir," she replied, "I do not know much about the beginning or the ending; but you said, 'God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believed in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

The Doctor was struck to the heart. All

his fine words forgotten, but one of God's words made effectual!

The machinery of this Wiltshire parish was at once set to work, and schools, Bible-classes, and parochial visitation, were carried on with good effect. Of course, there were some who regretted the old, easy times, when conscience slept, and things were taken for granted. But there was no discourtesy of any kind. One evening, at a party, the master of the house came up to me, flipping a pack of cards, and asking me to take a hand.

"No, thank you," I replied, "I never play at cards: but if you will allow me to ring the bell, I will order my carriage."

I never saw another card whilst in the parish.

In the same family were two daughters. One married, and lived; the other "found Christ," and died. She was about eighteen, and had attended my church diligently, without any restraint, till her young heart opened to truth, and the effect became manifest. Her parents then forbade any further attendance; but, when dying of consumption, they could not refuse her last

request, that she might see me! I found her safe, and peaceful, in the arms of the "Good Shepherd," who had led, and fed, and taught her; and she dwells in "His house" for ever!

But the time drew near for me to leave. All things were in order. The new vicarage was finished, the grounds planted, the debt paid, and furniture, carpets, and curtains, began to occupy our minds. Several pieces of preferment had been offered, and for various reasons refused. But at length a letter was delivered to me from the Vicar of a large parish in the North, saying that he was about to resign, and wished me to be his successor.

Now it will be remembered that the income of my vicarage was very little more than ninety pounds per annum. The rent of the first house in which we lived was seventy-five, and of the unfurnished house in which we now lived was forty pounds. The furlough granted me by the East India Company, with its allowance of two or three hundred per annum, was nearly at an end. It will then be a mere matter of reckoning, that my Living would be no "living" at all; but that I should, with an increasing family, be

spending at least five times as much as I received, with no possible increase from any quarter. Is it any wonder then, that I handed the letter referred to, across the breakfast-table to my wife, saying, "I think that will take us away?" And so it did. But it is curious to trace the wheels within wheels, in God's good providence. I had never been in the North. I knew nothing of the parish offered me. I had never seen the vicar who offered it. I only followed, as God seemed to lead. I was invited to come and judge for myself; and I consented. I went over the parish, conferred with the vicar, accepted the charge conditionally, and then learnt how it all came about.

The vicar had found it necessary to resign; but being anxious to find a fit successor, he had made inquiries far and wide, and finally went up to Cambridge to seek counsel and advice. One of his great friends was a Fellow of St. John's College; and when the story was told, and a long list of prominent names gone through, his friend, the Fellow, broke in by naming me, and saying, "He is your man!"

"But who is he?" said the vicar, "I never heard of him; and where is he?"

"Why, he has been in India," was the reply; "he has written a volume of 'Sermons preached in India;' and he is now in Wiltshire;"—and all further conversation was stopped by the phrase, "After all said, he is your man."

In a kind of hopeful despair, I was written to, and the result was what I have mentioned.

Now this Fellow of St. John's had never seen me but once. He had been "best man" at a wedding, which I had performed; and we had spent a very happy day together. That was all; and that, in God's over-ruling Providence, placed me in charge of 55,000 people; gave me the patronage of seven incumbencies; made me Rural Dean of thirty churches; and kept me hard at work, through good report and evil report, for fifteen years!

YORKSHIRE.

As in a former page, I deprecated any idea of writing history or biography: so now I would avoid "Parochialia." And I think that by selecting certain topics in their order, Clerical Reminiscences will be best drawn out.

THE VICARAGE.—This was a very old building, in the worst part of the town, with a garden attached, in which nothing green would grow. Close by, a large, old-fashioned inn was standing, which in times past had been built upon the glebe, and now paid a good rent to the vicar. But all was hemmed in by tall chimneys and wretched buildings; and the house proved on trial an unhealthy residence.

Again and again, one and another of my family was attacked with illness; again and

again we were invited by kind parishioners to make their handsome houses in the outskirts our home for weeks together.

But this could not last; and before a year had elapsed, a decision was required whether we should leave or stay; and that turned upon the retention of the old house, or the erection of a new one. I called a meeting in the vestry, and proposed the question with all simplicity. It was responded to with Yorkshire liberality and kindliness; and in the result a beautiful paddock of two acres and more, just outside the town, was exchanged (the exchange being legally necessary) for an equal quantity of glebe land, covered with gorse, five miles away; and two thousand two hundred pounds were raised to build a handsome Gothic vicarage. I need not say that I watched its progress with great interest, and a careful avoidance of extras; and I rejoiced exceedingly when, in due course, I received a request from the bank that I would allow them to close the account by drawing out the "twelve shillings" due to me. I absolutely refused; and said I should leave the twelve shillings as a lasting proof that one Anglican Vicarage had been built, debt-free!

This settled the question of resignation or retention; and in this most comfortable house I lived, and successive vicars are still living. I took care, and I wish all the clergy would take care, that the necessary fixtures were covered by the subscriptions. What a relief is thus afforded to each in-comer! And how much trouble is saved to each out-goer!

But this was not all. The patron was a minor, inheriting immense property from his grandfather, who had directed £20,000 to be placed at the unfettered disposal of his executors, for the benefit of the estate. I knew of this; and, some time after, I placed the old vicarage, the old inn, and the adjacent ground, at their disposal, as an advantageous investment for building, and benefiting that part of the town. My application was favourably entertained, the whole property was valued, and £7000 was paid into Queen Anne's Bounty, as an additional endowment for the living. What an escape this from the embryo Dilapidation Acts!

CHURCH EXPENSES.—These were matters of anxiety for many years. Church rates had been refused long before my time. The offertory

collections, as a substitute, were then little known, and not to be relied on. The expenses of a large church, capable of holding above two thousand people, were very serious, and were met by annual subscriptions and occasional collections. But each outgoing churchwarden left, as a rule, a heavy debt to be borne and discharged by his successor. Affairs were, moreover, much complicated by pew rents, which yielded money, not to the church officers, but to the pew owners.

How the system arose it is hard to say, but ancient rights or claims were respected, it may be supposed, when the church had been rebuilt. The holder or occupier of a pew in the old church claimed a corresponding one in the new; and when the claim was conceded, he let or occupied the pew at his discretion. Now a possessory right to a pew in the parish church is valid, as against churchwardens, if long usage is shown, and the claimant is the occupier; but he has no right if his occupation has ceased. Pew rents are not private property; and yet, in the case we are considering, the patron himself, though entirely non-resident, claimed sixty-five pews as his own right; and his agents collected the

rents every year, letting and re-letting, as it happened.

This had been silently acquiesced in; and what was to be done? I did nothing hastily; for so many were interested, that great disturbance, and appeals to law might well be apprehended. Good seats were let, I knew, for ten guineas per annum; and many ladies rejoiced at the windfall, though they never attended the church. Timid churchwardens shrunk back. Trading churchwardens feared to give offence. Peaceable churchwardens were for letting well alone. I waited for some time, and at length found a man of action—a gentleman, and free from all entanglements.

A vicar has no authority over pews in church, and hence I could only act in concert with him. To deal with simple parishioners was to show the white feather:—but a victory over the Patron would suffice to finish the campaign. Hence, a pew was assigned to a lawyer, and he was bidden to pay no rent when the agent called. This opened the whole question, and brought it before the trustees, one of whom was Lord Cottenham, the celebrated lawyer and Lord Chancellor. What took place I know

not: but the result was unqualified submission.

All claims for payment of rent for the sixty-five pews to the patron ceased; and, with them, all other lettings and payings. Every pew was, from that moment, at the disposal of the churchwardens, who placed a church-rate, so called, upon each. If the occupant was willing to pay the rate, he retained the seat; and when a vacancy occurred, the first family in a long list of applicants was seated. No room was left either for partiality or complaint; and I heard no grumbling, except from a few ladies who lost their pleasant, but "sacrilegious" ten guineas.

Since this was done, debt, I believe, has been unknown, though far greater expenses have been incurred. Church restoration has been carried to a great extent, Church officers and choirs have been regularly paid, and curates' salaries have also been forthcoming.

OUT-TOWNSHIPS.—There were two Churches in the town, besides the Parish Church; one was in private patronage, and one was in the patronage of the vicar, as was also the patronage of six incumbencies outside. Churches had

been built in all these; but there were no houses, and scarcely any endowments, apart from the sum (thirty pounds) then required, previous to consecration. The result was very sad; for the clergy were very poor, and scarcely able to support their families. I came in a happy time, *i.e.*, when the Ecclesiastical Commission was beginning to work, and was hoping to do great things for the Church. They were soon straitened; but before the "fat kine" gave place to the "lean," my applications were ready, and they were, thank God, pressed successfully.

Before the nature and amount of the general grants were modified, I had obtained £300 per annum for every Church, and a good house for every incumbent. This was "great gain." It was not that £300 per annum was absolutely given, but that every income was made up to £300 per annum; and the clergy could thus keep a servant, and eat meat every day in the week, which they could not do before.

It was all done simply at the turn of the tide—no thanks to me: all praise to God!

VICAR'S INCOME.—After the improvement already referred to, this amounted to about

£700—reduced more than a third by necessary expenses. It was not a comfortable tithe-rent charge, easily collected, and tolerably sure; but there were patches of poor glebe land, and payments from the townships, and fees, and Easter dues. These last were an unceasing cause of irritation and trouble, yet they were strictly legal—recounted in all successive terriers for the last two hundred years. So much was payable for each inhabitant householder, so much for each inmate of the house, so much for each "communicant," or young person of an age to communicate. The lowest amount claimable was, I think, sevenpence; the highest, about one shilling and ninepence. The vicar was wont to sit in the vestry for three days in Easter week, receiving voluntary contributions, under the same name.

This last was pleasant enough, and kindly, and useful. But it was followed by a compulsory agent, who brought in from time to time the sums he received. This collection was not so pleasant and kindly as the voluntary one; yet it was still necessary: for if neglected, through three incumbencies, a right existing for hundreds of years would have been lost.

No incumbent has a right thus to please himself, and consult his own ease. He is a trustee, as to the temporalities of his living. I have known a vicar who exchanged livings; and then, fearing the loss of his new and temporary popularity, ceased to collect these dues, lost sixty pounds per annum of his living, and then accused his predecessor of having given him a false return of its value! This is alike dishonest and dishonourable!

For myself, I let things go on, and took the consequences. A strange variety of incidents occurred. I remember a few of them.

A working man's wife sought an interview with me. My agent had called and claimed fourteenpence, which she strenuously declared her husband was unable to pay. Wages were low, work was scant, children were many. I heard her, and looked at her. In those days groups of artificial flowers were worn inside bonnets; and she had two good ones, one on each side.

I gave her a kindly look, and said, "How much did those two little nosegays cost you?"

She said not a word, but laid down the fourteenpence on my desk. It had been in her

hand all the while, wrapped in a corner of her handkerchief; and I have no doubt she went home, and had a good laugh with her husband and neighbours about the unlucky flowers.

Another was not a laughing matter. One morning early, my collector came, and told me that a man upon whom he had called, had threatened to put a knife into him, if he called again.

I bade him go at once to the magistrates, who were sitting, take out a distress warrant, hire a bailiff, and go to the man's house at dinner-time. The amount due was ninepence; but the warrant made it twice as much. If when he saw the man, payment was refused, the Bailiff was to seize and sell all the *knives* on the table, as a lesson not to be forgotten, and a reminder of the threat. It was not necessary. The man, cowed, put his hand into his pocket, and paid the money.

The third reminiscence was more serious. It was looking like a Dissenting question, and a leading man, a rich wool merchant, and deacon of a large Independent chapel, refused to pay one shilling and sevenpence due from him and his household. I sent him a courteous

message when I heard of his refusal, and he repeated, courteously, his refusal.

Now, Yorkshiremen have no respect for timidity or temporizing. Of course, it was not the money I cared for, but the principle. My messenger told him this; and warned him that the matter would go on to the end. And so it did. He would not pay. The warrant was issued. A quantity of wool, sufficient to cover all claims was seized and carried to the Cloth Hall, and there put up for sale. This was intentionally done on market day, when hundreds of clothiers assemble to buy and sell.

"Whose wool is it?" they asked; "why is it to be sold? who are the parties?"

No secret was made as to the vicar's purpose: and it was said that he made no distinction in these matters between rich and poor:—"He is a plucky fellow," was the response, "we will buy it." And it was sold there and then; for how much I know not; but that afternoon the one shilling and sevenpence was put into my hand.

Very rash and foolish, some reader may remark:—but let him hear the end!

Next Easter I received a thick packet from

this very wool merchant, with whom I had had no special intercourse, direct or indirect. It contained a sheet of postage-stamps, value one pound, with a note, saying that he esteemed me the more for what had passed, and this sheet was the payment of his Easter Dues. My response was prompt. I thanked him for both note and inclosure, and said he would hear no more of "Easter Dues," whilst I was Vicar.

Other fees were, of course, payable as usual; and I quit the subject, repeating my conviction that it is the duty of every Incumbent to hand over, at any cost, to his successor the rights he has received from his predecessor.

DISSENT.—I have touched upon Dissent, and it necessarily appears amongst my Northern reminiscences. I found it very strong when I entered the parish, but it did not increase in strength; and during my fifteen years no new chapel was built. I never attacked dissenters, and never quarrelled with their ministers—neither did I compromise matters. I simply minded my own business, and left others to mind theirs.

There were several large Wesleyan chapels,

as well as Baptists and Independents. With one of these bodies—the Methodists of the "New Connexion," I think it was called—I was brought into what might have proved very interesting and important contact.

Three gentlemen, of weight and high respectability, came to wait upon me as a deputation from that body. They were dissatisfied with some action taken at head-quarters, in London; and actually asked me, as Vicar, to take charge of themselves, their chapel, their local preachers, and their whole organization. I could scarcely realize their words and wishes. What a grand thing it would be if this should prove a first step in the reconciliation of so important a body to the Church of England!

"Would I object," they asked, "to minister, by myself and curates, in their chapel, holding at least a thousand people, if it was duly licensed or consecrated? Would I object to their local preachers, and experience meetings?"

I replied that, under other names, we had much the same things—"Scripture-readers," for instance, and "Bible-classes." The only condition necessary would be that all should be

under the Vicar's control. But were they sure about the transfer of the building? The title-deeds must be all right before it could be recognized.

That was the only doubtful point, they said, but it was a lawyer's question, and would all come right. I made them clearly understand that the decision of such an important matter did not rest with me, and that I must write to the highest authority in the Church on the subject.

I did so. I wrote to the Archbishop of Canterbury (Sumner), and told him all that had passed. In his reply, he said that he sanctioned everything I had said—only it must be understood that the "local preachers," acting under the Vicar, must confine themselves to the boundaries of the parish, and not rove far and wide. He waited for the settlement of the legal question with some anxiety—and so did I. I wrote once and again, and received evasive answers; and, at last learned, that the authorities in London held this chapel in a sort of legal vice, from which there was no escape. The congregation could not gain or give possession, and the whole thing fell through. Whether conces-

sions were made which satisfied the discontented I know not; I was powerless, and the matter glided away. Any personal interference would have been misunderstood.

In the same connection I recall a revivalist mission amongst the old Wesleyan body. The town was visited by a famous man, from America, I think; and the impression made, as reported to me, was very great. Such crowds assembled in the large chapel, that communication with individuals, desirous of comfort, or assurance of salvation, could only be obtained by ministers walking on the backs of the pews. Real results I cannot relate; but two facts occur to me, as learnt by parochial visitation, which suggested very doubtful advantages!

In going my rounds, I visited a family of operatives, at the head of which was a daughter of mature years. I forget what led to my questioning her on matters of religion; but in response she took from her neck a little square tin plate, with a date stamped upon it. This she had received at a revival meeting, and she showed it as a proof that she was "saved"!

In another case my senior curate visited a

dying girl, and speaking to her seriously as touching her state before God, she called out to her mother below stairs.

"Mither, mither! when were I converted?"

"When?" said her mother; "were it not at the revival, on the 25th February last year?"

"Yes," said the dying girl to my curate: "I were converted on February 25th last year." No further proof seemed to be desired or thought of.

Far be it from me to connect such revivalism with our Church Missions, as now so frequently attempted; or to throw discredit on Home Missions generally. I only recall reminiscences of the past by way of caution, which, I am sure is often necessary.

ROMANISM.—In a similar connection, an attempt was made by a number of young incumbents and curates, at this time, to stay the imagined progressive advance of Romanism in the parish. My sanction was sought and refused; because I denied the reported progress, and because I doubted the power of these young and inexperienced divines to encounter it.

But a church was opened, and a course of

sermons preached on, and against, the distinctive doctrines and practices of Popery. Bills were printed, congregations assembled, vigorous sermons were preached, and results waited for. The Romish chapel and priest remained silent for awhile. Then a course of sermons was announced and preached, by a stranger—a calm, persuasive, attractive. orator, whose arguments may be summed up in a very few words, viz. :—

"We are violently accused of teaching and preaching certain doctrines; we repudiate the teaching thus imputed to us. We are not the aggressors. Young men, ignorant and hot-headed, have libelled our ancient church. Let all who heard them, now hear us."

And they did hear: and the result was what I feared. The quiet words overpowered the violent ones—not by the force of truth, but by the rebound of what appeared to be unjust and exaggerated accusations—and it was reported to me, that four members of my own congregation had given up their attendance, and were attending the Romish chapel. One I did not know personally; and when I learnt how matters stood, it was too late. He was a clerk in the bank; and one day, standing alone, he

was addressed by the Romish priest in the street.

"I have observed your attendance in chapel; your mind is in a disturbed state; you are unhappy; you want to serve God with a quiet mind; come, join our church, and you will find it. I will receive your confession, and admit you to communion with us this evening after service."

This ended all; and when I saw him afterwards, he would not listen, and would scarcely look at me.

The others were ladies. The first was gentle, and desirous of knowing the truth. She listened to my words; and by prayer for grace and guidance, was restored to her mother-church.

The second was strong-minded, self-willed, and living with a godless father, who "cared for none of these things." The Priest had free access to his house; and whilst taking his soup, or sipping his tea, would whisper, "Have you read the book I lent you? Do you like it? I will give you another. Let us see you at chapel to-night. Don't tell, or speak a word; only repeat the prayers I sent you."

This went on till, hearing how matters stood, I sent for her. She had been one of my district-visitors, and we were good friends.

"I will be whichever you please," she said, at the close of our conversation; "either a Romanist, or an infidel. I will believe everything, or nothing!"

I entreated her to WAIT: prayer and waiting upon God were simple and primary duties before any decisive steps in life were taken. But she refused to wait; and, in spite of affectionate and warning words, she joined the Romanists, married, and died within the year after—to my great grief.

The third lady was weak, silly, and impulsive. I did not even see her. She was the wife of my coal merchant. I sent for him. "You are master of your own house, I suppose. Your wife has been attending the Romish chapel for the last six weeks. If she attends one Sunday more, our accounts will be closed, and you will supply the vicarage with no more coal."

The words, were, of course, reported; and her Romanism passed away, as the morning cloud and the early dew!

So much for ill-considered controversy.

CURATES.—I imagine that, from first to last, I had twenty Curates, two at a time—all good but one, and all finally beneficed, and rendering the Church valuable service. The "bad one" was a punishment for my relying upon another clergyman, instead of forming my own opinion on a matter for which alone I was responsible. The candidate was very poor, and lived near London; and I shrunk from subjecting him to a journey of four hundred miles, to and fro, on the mere probability of acceptance.

I need not go into details. It will suffice, amongst other things, that he ventured on this. Having sent him a text, and asked for a sermon upon it, that I might ascertain his views, and his capacity for expressing them:—he had sat down, copied out a sermon of Dr. McNeile's, and sent it to me as his own! In three months he had left my curacy, with the sanction of the Diocesan, and in six months I received a letter, from a well-known Rector in Wales, begging from me an assurance that the said clergyman, whom he had taken as his curate, was really in holy orders, which he had reason to doubt; and if he was, begging to know my opinion of him, that he might compare it with his own. I replied

that his information, as to the reception of "holy orders," was correct; but that I declined subjecting myself to an action for libel, by giving my opinion of the individual in question. He should have asked for it before engaging him!

Since that time, I have learnt some practical duties concerning Curates. Three things are indispensable—1. Previous questions as to sentiments; 2. Good testimonials as to character and disposition; 3. A personal interview.

How strangely are the "qualifications" dealt with in these days! Let advertisements testify as to this. The want is notified, the stipend mentioned, the place named, and then the qualification expressed in the one or the two words, "musical," or "eastward position"—nothing more, nothing less; and, to my certain knowledge, in many cases these words suffice; everything else being taken for granted as included in them.

One method of dealing with another Curate, whom I highly valued, I may mention. I had a maiden lady in my congregation, whom I much esteemed, and with whom I often conversed; desiring to bring about an agreement on the important point of our Lord's true divinity.

She was the last of a family of Unitarians. She attended church most regularly, acknowledged herself a sinner, received Christ thankfully as a Saviour, called Him "Lord," but feared to call Him "God."

She died; and on the morning of the day appointed for her funeral, the Curate whose month it was to perform the service, came up to me to say he could not, conscientiously, read it over her grave. He knew her character, but had never visited or even spoken to her. Now, I could easily have sympathized with and excused him, and taken the funeral myself. But to every Curate there is some turning-point in life, and this was one of them. I took upon myself in words all the responsibility attaching to a superior authority; but, finding him still hesitate, I turned aside, took a sheet of paper, and wrote on it as follows: "I decline to take the funeral; and I hereby give you three months' notice to quit your curacy."

"Now," I said, "I give you your choice. Either take the funeral, without another word, or sign this paper." He went out, and took the funeral.

Nothing passed for a few weeks, and then

he came up to me one morning to return special thanks for my decisive action. "Anything less decisive would not," he said, "have availed; and he now saw that indulgence to a mère scruple would have unfitted him for further service in the Church. Constituting himself a judge of one, he must have judged all; and this would have been final and fatal."

VISITING.—This was going on continually. But what are three among so many? We were assisted largely by a District Visiting Society, chiefly, but not exclusively, of ladies, by whom the greater part of the sacramental alms were dispensed. An account was rendered every month of visits paid and charity expended. All cases of sickness also were brought to immediate notice. Fifteen visitors reported to one Curate, and fifteen to another; and special cases were referred to myself.

I did not require my Curates to visit cases of dangerous infection, unless they had experience; but I always went myself. I have never, as a general rule, admitting of exceptions when attendance would have been useless, refused to visit such cases, and I have never caught infec-

tion. The secret, humanly speaking, is fearlessness. I went, as a doctor goes, as a matter of course, and a matter of duty. When my family was around me, I never mentioned, either to wife, or child, or servant, when any dangerous visit had been paid: but I quietly changed coat and waistcoat, and said nothing about it. Whereas I have known several clergy, who from sheer nervousness have suffered; and one, who, having had to pass to his home under an archway, over which a case of typhus fever was lying, was wont to cover face and mouth, and run under with all speed. He was attacked with the same fever, and died.

I cannot enumerate the dreadful cases I have seen; nor can I venture to narrate the dreadful stories I have heard by sick and dying beds. I knew almost everything, because I told nothing.

CHURCH BUILDING.—Two churches arose whilst I was Vicar. The one was built by the trustees from the fund at their disposal, on my urgent personal application. I had asked for three small churches, dotting the town; and eight thousand pounds was promised, for their

erection. But difficulties arose, and the promise was not fulfilled as made to me. One only was built by them, in my time. The erection of the other, was more peculiar and interesting.

A very kind, good, and wealthy cloth manufacturer, was retiring from business. I sat by his side one day at dinner, and suggested his doing something to leave a good savour behind him.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Why, build a church near to your great works, for the benefit of your people."

"I will think of it," he said; and as he drove home, he told his lady that he would do it.

Two or three weeks afterwards, he was walking into town, and saw a poor boy sitting by the roadside and evidently very ill,—ill, in truth, with typhus fever. As a magistrate, he stopped, and spoke to him, and told him where to go and what to do. In doing so, he caught the terrible infection, and in ten days was himself a dead man!

I saw him, but nothing special passed. His weeping widow sent for me again, after his death, and told me that she meant to carry out his purpose. But affairs were complicated, and it was a long time before his brothers could set

things free; and in the meantime I waited. The younger and more active brother was a huntsman, and a first-rate rider. One day he was out with the hounds, and had to cross a wide, deep river, in a ferry boat. He was safe enough, with some others, standing by the side of his horse and holding the bridle, when two or three young farmers came hurrying up, and forced their horses into the boat. It swayed from side to side under the sudden pressure, upset, and men and horses were all swept down the stream. Happily, my friend kept hold of the bridle; his horse swam well; they reached the other side, and he lay fainting and prostrate on the bank. There and then the "Church" came into his mind, mingling with thanksgiving and gratitude to God; and he resolved that, as a family memorial, it should be built. A call at the vicarage was his first act on his return home. I was out, but he left a message, and I went down at once to his counting-house. His first words were:—

"You want a church, do you not? I will see that one is built."

And so he did.

I was at once in communication with Mr.

(not then Sir Gilbert) Scott, whose father had been my tutor, and he, a friend from his boyhood; and he sent beautiful plans for choice. In the progress of the work I thought the east window, plain simple Gothic, rather commonplace, and mentioned that three brothers (John, Thomas, and Joseph) were concerned:—could they not be commemorated in some better and more effective way? Instantly he formed the window into three deep recesses, each one to be filled at the end, with rich stained glass commemorative of "St. John," "St. Thomas," and "St. Joseph;" and thanked me for the thought which had made the chancel "so spicey."

All the parties are now deceased, but I have preached again and again in their church with feelings of tender regard mingled with regret, and associated with all these reminiscences.

BIBLE CLASSES.—Every week a meeting was held in the vestry of the parish Church, as in times past, for Scripture reading; but something more also was now added.

Any parishioner might attend, and bring "hard texts," or doubtful questions, or inquiries as to the path of duty, etc., etc. The questions

were to be written on folded paper, no name being attached. They were simply laid upon the table, and when I came in, I mingled them all together, and after the "Scripture Collect," opened them one by one. Sometimes it was a hard text from Isaiah, or Ezekiel, or Galatians, or Revelation, or other parts of Scripture. Sometimes it was a question about Holy Baptism, or Holy Communion. Sometimes Church and Dissent were touched upon. Every parishioner who chose, might learn the Vicar's opinion upon any point.

It was not only pleasant to them, but profitable to me: for it broke me off from Commentaries, and made me think out Holy Scripture for myself, and undid many a tangle, and untied many a knot. It went on for years, and was always well attended; and if at any time papers fell short, exposition filled up the one hour allowed, with watch on table.

One evening, a gentleman stayed behind the rest; and when they were gone, he explained his reason for doing so. He had not liked to trouble the minds of others with a part of Scripture which had greatly troubled himself. I inquired as to his meaning, and he opened

his Testament at Romans iii. 10: "As it is written," etc.

"Now," he said, "I do not find it is written anywhere, as here set down. I have looked all over the Bible to find the quotation, and have failed."

"Yes," I replied, "but if you had said *quotations*, you would not have failed. The Apostle quotes, not from one Psalm, but from several—not from one Prophet, but from several. The extracts are meant to prove the general sense of Scripture as to the corruption of human nature. St. Paul does not say, "As it is written by David, Isaiah, or Jeremiah; but generally by the inspired writers." He had not thought of that, and was content.

He afterwards inquired about the Holy Sacrament, and wished to become a communicant; but the expressions in the service were too strong for him. He did not feel that the "remembrance of his sins" was grievous to him, and "the burden of them intolerable." I was deeply interested in his state of mind, and told him that the office of the Holy Spirit was to "convince of sin:" and I bade him pray earnestly for the teaching of that great Guide

and Comforter of the Church, in order that he might learn the deceitfulness of the heart, and the heinousness of sin in the sight of God. He was to come to me again in three months for further conference.

He came, and, with tears in his eyes, said, "I need no conference; God has heard my prayers. The remembrance of my sin is grievous unto me, and the burden of it intolerable!"

I invited him to Holy Communion, and the benefits of absolution then and there bestowed; and he came constantly and happily for some months. He was Manager in one of our large banking companies, and lived most respectably, with his mother and a pious sister. The yearly statement of accounts drew on, and a meeting of the shareholders was called, and after it a luncheon was provided at the "Royal Hotel." I received myself a formal invitation. The whole was to him a matter of terrible excitement. Everything, however, went off well; and he was in the hotel, welcoming his friends, when sudden faintness came on. He was led to a sofa; and when I came down, I found him lying there—dead! Unknown to himself, he had heart-disease, and it proved fatal.

It may easily be imagined with what joy his sister heard of the way in which God had led him, and of the preparedness wrought for his sudden summons. She had remarked the change, but had not known the cause.

SERMONS.—During the first seven years of my residence, I wrote at least seven hundred sermons. A congregation of two thousand people required all, and far more than all, the powers I possessed. I did not preach extempore: for even if I could have done so, I prefer the *maturity* of thought, and the pleasant Saturday night and Sunday morning feeling, of two written sermons safely nestling in their cases!

In one exceptional manner I may be said to have preached in two places nearly at one and the same time: for a young man, connected with a large Grammar School in my parish, was a very clever shorthand writer; and sitting in a prominent pew in church, I had observed him taking down, with all diligence and great regularity, what I said in the pulpit. I thought it was for his own individual edification, and took no notice, till I heard one day from his father, the incumbent of

a church in a fashionable watering-place, telling me that my ministrations were conferring a double benefit on the church; for his son sent him every week in long hand, the sermon taken down in short-hand, and it was preached by him the Sunday after it had been preached by me. I strongly remonstrated with him on the dishonesty of such a proceeding: and threatened the young man with arrest by the verger. But it was in vain. The son only retired to a back seat in the gallery, and the father continued the double edification!

After the first seven years I slackened somewhat, and ventured on occasional repetition, and was not sorry to find that some sermons, when recognized, were welcomed as old friends. Courses of lectures were delivered on all possible subjects—the seven Penitential Psalms for Lent; the seven Wishes of St. Paul; the Temptation; the Lord's Prayer; the Wanderings of the Children of Israel; the Lives of Samuel, Ruth, Jonah, Daniel; events on the "Mountain-top," involving Noah and the Ark on Mount Ararat, Moses on Mount Zion, Aaron on Mount Hor, David on Mount Olivet, etc. Also, in the New Testament, the Sermon

on the Mount, the Transfiguration, Calvary, and Bethany. The Epistle and Gospel, Lessons and Psalms, were always fruitful with texts; and I think I could find seven sermons for every Sunday in the year. A little care, however, is sometimes needful in the selection of these last, and their adaptation to the hearers.

One circumstance in connection with a too strict following of the rule of selection above referred to, occurs opportunely to my mind, going back to past years. I knew a clergyman who was, in his time, a great favourite with King George IV. Whether his Majesty turned over the Bible for himself I know not, but he used often to discuss texts with his chaplain. Amongst many others, he one day selected the Parable of the Talents, and gave his royal views upon the subject. He was all wrong; but it would not do for the chaplain to set him right. With all courtesy, therefore, he asked and obtained leave to preach a sermon on the subject, which accordingly he did; and I presume his Majesty approved. It is not this to which I refer, but to a text selected from what used to be the first Lesson for the Evening Service on the Second

Sunday after Trinity, and was taken from the history of Eli. The text was, "His sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not." Surely a most unguarded selection, for a sermon to George IV., by a Court chaplain. It was certainly not intentional. The King heard, and said nothing; but the chaplain was never made a Bishop!

Whilst mentioning this, I recall earlier days, and remember the feeling of loyalty that used to pervade my heart as a young man, and rouse my loud tongue. But history reveals many secrets, and changes many minds. If loyal however, then, how much more loyal now, and with how much better cause! Has the throne ever been filled by one so faithful and true, so mindful of all high duties, so tender in her sympathies with sorrow, so impartial amidst the strife of parties, so loved and reverenced by all, as the gracious Queen whom God, in His good providence, has set over us? Loyalty was a name in time past: it is a reality now!

It is a long step backward to go to King George IV., and his times. But they were stirring times, and filled with great names. My feet have been trodden on by the Life Guards'

horses again and again, in desperate efforts to see the Emperor Alexander of Russia, the King of Prussia, Blucher, Wellington, Soult, Metternich, Castlereagh, Canning, Peel, and many others, in the processions of those days. I well remember the last time I saw the Duke of Wellington. I was walking with my son, a noble little boy of nine years old (the wound opens, and my heart bleeds at the remembrance of him!), to, or from, the first EXHIBITION, when, passing Apsley House, the great gates stood open. A fine soldierly man of six feet high, who had, no doubt, faced the French in earlier days, stood inside. I asked him if the Duke was coming out. He looked at his watch, and said, "If you wait a minute and a half, you will see him." Then I said to my boy, "Now, look well at him, and then, when you are an old man, you will be able to say you 'have seen the Duke.'" At the time named, to a second, he appeared, mounted his horse, and passed through the gate. We lifted our hats, as in duty bound; and he lifted his open hand to his forehead, as the manner of a Field-Marshal is; and then, in a gentle canter, passed into the Park.

With a gentle canter, I also, as the manner

of old men is, must get me back to my "Sermons."

One course, as yet unmentioned, led to somewhat memorable results. It was a time when Chartism was rampant; and when a spirit of rebellion, or, at least, of insubordination, prevailed amongst the lower classes. I have seen twenty thousand men assembled in and about the market-place of my Parish, having marched from Manchester and the intervening towns, extinguished the fires in every engine-house, and thus put a stop to all the works: and I have seen them charged, and driven away like sheep, by a company or two of Lancers, after the Riot Act had been read. A huge Chartist Hall had been built, and a community of wives and goods was every evening advocated.

The leaders, of course, did the mischief; but the followers were the sufferers. Politically, I was of course powerless; but I had the church thrown open freely on Sunday evenings, and announced a course of lectures on the "Evidences of Christianity," and the "Bible as the Word of God." God vouchsafed a blessing; and unprecedented crowds of opera-

tives attended. Ante-chapel and aisles were filled each Sunday evening, and the remarks heard and reported to me were very encouraging. When the course of lectures was finished, the churchwardens came with a request that they might be printed. Of course, I assented; and this assent was followed by a request from my district visitors, that I would print them in the form of separate tracts for circulation. To this also I agreed: and with a little fresh beginning and ending, they ceased to be sermons, and assumed the tract form. God's blessing still followed, and the only difficulty reported to me, was that, when lent for reading, they could not be got back again. One man who refused for a time, at length surrendered his tract, saying, "You may take it now. I have learnt it by heart."

With a hope of still more extensive usefulness, I sent the printed sermons to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and the Committee agreed to purchase the copyright and put the work upon their list, if I would change the aspect of the whole from sermons to lectures—omitting texts and introductions—and receive the suggestions and corrections

of the Episcopal referees. A glad assent was rendered, and one Episcopal referee took me in hand. I knew not who it was, but I felt flattered at receiving broad-sheet after broad-sheet of suggestions, and criticisms, gently tendered, and always with deference to the author's authority and responsibility. The Secretaries also recognized this ; and I assented to no omission or alteration which did not express my own views, or commend itself to my own mind.

The omission of an introductory chapter, when suggested, was refused. The addition of a chapter on Inspiration was willingly obeyed. When the whole was completed and printed, I was charmed to learn that he who had honoured me with his criticisms was no other than Dr. Kaye, the learned and distinguished Bishop of Lincoln.

The little volume has been upon the venerable Society's list for thirty-five years, and still sells. Edition after edition has appeared unaltered, save by my address as changed from place to place, and I dare not enumerate the many pleasant testimonies to its usefulness which I have received. And it will be remem-

bered that I am no semi-sceptic, in a sceptical age.

Two incidents, however, occur to memory, and may be mentioned.

A lady wrote to me and said that the original course of sermons, which had gone through several editions, had fallen into her hands. Her eldest son had gone out to India, dearly beloved, but careless of the things belonging to his peace. She had fitted up his cabin, and amongst the books had placed my little volume of Evidences. In the tedium of the voyage he had opened and read the book, and had been greatly impressed; and it had proved to him, through God's grace, the beginning of a new and deeply religious life. She was now sending out a second son, and had been seeking all through Paternoster Row, and amongst all the booksellers of London, to find another copy for him. She prayed me to send her one if I could. I explained that the volume had been originally printed by a local bookseller, but that she might now obtain as many copies as she pleased at one shilling each, by applying to the Christian Knowledge Society.

The other was a much more extraordinary

case, and came to my knowledge quite unsought, through the medium of the chaplain of Lewes Gaol. A young, handsome and powerful man had been executed in the county gaol, in 1866, for the murder of a young woman, and the attempted murder of the policeman who came to arrest him.

"Come one step nearer," he said, "and you are a dead man."

A rush was made—he fired, and the policeman fell—but not dead.

Trial and condemnation followed, and an "ocean of upturned faces" (to use the chaplain's words) witnessed his execution. He was an illegitimate child, but not uncared for. By his own confession, however, he was, at eight years old, the best fighter, the most artful and expert thief of any child of his age. At nineteen he had begun to drink, and went to sea. He visited India and China. He joined the Tæping insurrection, and helped to hold the forts and lead the troops against the English. He then became a smuggler and a pirate in the Chinese waters, and several times escaped death only by hiding in the open-air coffins, covering himself with the mouldering bones of the dead

Chinamen. He married several wives, and deserted them by turns. He was several weeks on board the *Alabama*. On his return to England he resided mostly at Brighton and Brentford, drinking and gambling. On his first entrance into prison, he scorned religion and gloried in his deeds of blood, and when told by the chaplain of God's power to save even him, he replied—

"I am determined that He shan't. I have been living a life," he added, "where I gave no quarter to others, and I don't want any for myself."

One evening in April, 1866, after a busy day in the parish, I was glancing at the newspaper and my eye caught a paragraph headed, "The recent Brighton Murder." It contained a lengthened statement of the career of this man, whose name was Leigh; and referred to a series of letters written by him to friends after sentence of death had been passed. It would be a repetition to give the whole, but a few words are necessary :—

"I am a living witness," he wrote, "of the results of infidelity. At nineteen years of age I was second officer of a large vessel, and very

much liked by the owner and captain, until I imbibed the principles of infidelity. These soon took me amongst the most desperate characters. . . . . Companions or friends may perhaps say that it is the fear of death which has now brought me to repentance. You may tell them that I fear death as little as any sane man living. . . . . The very means I took, in my drunken, ungodly, and infidel state, to secure my happiness, brought me to what I am. . . . . May it be a warning and an example to others, showing how weak and degraded we become when we burst through the restraints of conscience and despise our only Saviour. . . . . Let me recommend to you a book which was, through God's mercy, my *turning point*. The title is—'Why do you believe the Bible to be the Word of God?' It was written by the Rev. —— and is published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge."

Need I say that my heart beat, and my cheek flushed as I read this paragraph? The reason will be easily understood by any one who has the cure of souls. I wrote at once to the chaplain, and he expressed his full belief in the sincerity of the man, and his deep repentance.

He had at first given up his case as hopeless; and as a last resort had left a few books out of the library, in his cell, amongst which was my own.

These Reminiscences are not advertisements, and hence I have not alluded to the literary part of my life; but the present is, in every sense, an exceptional case, and my narrative may tend, perhaps, to keep the book on the Society's list, and prevent the substitution for it of more fashionable books of Evidence. Science is a useful handmaid; but I think that, *to the unlearned*, she suggests more doubts than she solves.

Of course, these Sermons which I am calling to mind, whether single or in sets, were not confined to my own parish. I have preached at Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, Huddersfield, Wakefield, Dewsbury, York, Scarborough, Bridlington, Worcester, Stafford, Newcastle, Truro, Brighton, Ramsgate, Margate, Dover, Canterbury, Islington, London, Guernsey, Paris, Lucerne, Chamounix, Interlacken, and other places.

The sermon at Manchester was one of a

course preached in 1858, during the season of the Art Treasures' Exhibition, and was subsequently printed, with eighteen others, in an octavo volume. The sermon at Leeds was in the parish church for a charitable object; and so complicated at that time were the movements attendant on Divine service, that I absolutely refused any participation in it beyond taking my stand on the south side of the Communion Table, and reading the Epistle. "These arrangements are not mine," said the kindly vicar, when service and sermon were ended; "they are all my five curates' doing."

At Bradford, Dr. Scoresby, wishing to please all three parties in the church, invited Archdeacon Musgrave, Dr. Hook, and myself to preach. Dr. Hook preached in the evening, and his sermon, intentionally the highest, was certainly the most thoroughly evangelical of the three. No one could surpass him in that respect when he pleased; but he did not always please. His sermons varied with the place and people. I retain the most kindly personal recollection of him, and have read his "Life" with the deepest interest. His biographer very nearly escapes the great error

of the day, into which the biographer of Bishop Selwyn plunges headlong, viz., the protrusion of his own sentiments, and of himself. Who cares to know what school a biographer belongs to—what doctrinal teaching he approves or condemns—what men of eminence he admires or ignores? If he would or could only ignore himself, his pages might please. But I have heard a sensible lady say, after reading "Selwyn's Life," that "The biographer made her dislike the Bishop." A rapid sale at first tells nothing; for a book must be read, even to be disliked. Dr. Hook's "Life" is nearly, if not quite, free from this reproach, and also from another, viz., that of undue exaltation. The Doctor is not placed, as the Bishop is, nearly on a level with St. Paul! The Church Poet also may be excused if he has never met Dr. Hook in social life, never sat by his side at table, never listened to his jokes, when he writes that he was—

"Earnest as Peter, sweet as John."

To those who have known and greatly valued Dr. Hook they sound sarcastic.

I need scarcely say that there are brilliant exceptions to the above criticism, of which the

first volume of the Life of Bishop Wilberforce is an example. Would that the biographer had been spared to complete it!

At Worcester, my sermon was in the nave of the Cathedral, then under restoration, now so wonderfully and perfectly restored by Sir G. Gilbert Scott.

Four happy months were once passed in Guernsey; duties being exchanged. They were followed by the publication of a little volume of Sermons—the only peculiarity being, that when I left the entire choice to the petitioners, they enumerated both the fifteen texts and sermons which they preferred. I was very glad to gratify them, in acknowledgment of unceasing kindness to me and mine. One peculiarity comes to mind in connection with this island. I was told beforehand that Holy Communion was administered in the church I was to serve, to a railful of communicants at a time, and that words not in the rubric were expected before they rose from their knees. To the first I did not specially object; to the second I did; and I was left at liberty to act as I pleased. The Sunday and the administration came round; and the first railful having received, I looked for their retirement; but

they would not rise nor move. What was I to do? To remonstrate, and thus use my own words, would be as unrubrical as to use those to which they had been accustomed, and for which they waited in silent reverence. I had no alternative; and the words, "Go in peace: and the God of peace be with you!" sounded very sweet, raised the bended knees, and dismissed each successive row of communicants.

A sermon preached at Hastings thirty years ago was brought to mind the other day by one who heard it, and fully appreciates the wonderful significance of the text.

"Do you remember preaching for Mr. Vores, who now rests from his labours?"—I was asked: "And do you remember your text?"

"How should I?" was my reply.

"But I do," was the response. "'His name shall be called .... COUNSELLOR'; that was the text, and I perfectly remember the sermon."

We were staying at Torquay. The clergyman was suddenly taken ill, and I was asked to perform his service. I preached from 1 Kings xxii. 34—The arrow shot at a venture. The congregation was what was called "spiritually-minded;" and the only comment I heard at the

time was from a prominent member of it, who said, "He seems to think we are all sinners!" But when I visited the place a few years after, the Incumbent begged for another sermon; for, he said, the very best person amongst his hearers, and the most efficient helper in his work, was an individual who had been brought savingly to Christ by that sermon. There had been an opening "between the joints of the harness."

In my own parish one winter morning I was sitting by the fire, talking with the mistress of the house, and the mother of a family, when suddenly she covered her face, and burst into a fit of sobbing.

"Oh, sir!" she said, in explanation, "I cannot keep it in any longer. Your sermons of late have brought me with tears and prayers to the foot of the cross. Oh, tell me what I must do to be saved!"

I was preaching once on the resurrection of Christ, and a young man was present who went afterwards to walk the medical hospitals in London. To all the scoffs and jeers of his fellow-students, he answered by referring to this sermon:—

"You may say what you please" (these were his words, as told me by his own mouth): "you may say what you please. But I am quite sure that Jesus Christ rose from the dead; and if He is risen, Christianity is true."

I might enumerate other equally interesting cases, familiar no doubt to the experience of many of my Clerical brethren—but not to all. For some dig all day long, but find no diamonds. The cases I have mentioned, however, will suffice to prove that I have no wish to depreciate the power of the pulpit. But I seemed to learn about this period, and the impression has deepened by experience, that other influences were becoming more powerful than in former days.

The preaching of the everlasting Gospel, when prayerful and earnest, is still the wisdom of God in a mystery, and the power of God unto salvation. It builds up the Church, restores the soul, rekindles first love, heals wounds, brings back wanderers, bends the knee, keeps the Bible open, comforts the sorrowful, supports the weak, and promotes unity and brotherly love. But CONFIRMATION has come to the front:

—not as superseding, but supplementing. In earlier days it was little thought of. The Confirmation day often began in levity, and ended in excess. The administration, though kindly, was very infrequent, and wanting in seriousness. It was sometimes administered but once in seven years; and then the Bishop would move about, confirming aisles-full of the candidates, laying hands on some twice over, and on others not at all!

But how is all this changed! How regular now the annual or triennial administration! How careful the previous preparation! How serious the addresses at the time! How devout and impressive the Holy Communion following.

When Holy Baptism is faithfully and prayerfully administered, and when Baptismal Grace proves effectual in its operation, no wonder that Confirmation, thus ordered, becomes oftentimes the turning-point in life!

The soul is brought savingly to Christ, and the life dedicated to His service. And is not this what we desire? And if God sō wills it, why should we complain? Is it not better to begin God's service in youth than in mature age? Is it not easier to train the slender stem than to

bend the gnarled oak? Was it not the "young man" whom Jesus looked upon, and loved? Was it not young children whom He took up in His arms, and blessed?

Let us then go on "teaching and preaching Jesus Christ" to all; but let us not be surprised if more young persons find Christ in Confirmation, than old persons do in sermons. Let any faithful clergyman pass in review his staff—his district visitors, Sunday-school teachers, Scripture readers, and Church communicants, and learn what was their turning-point in the Divine life:—and I think, if asked, the majority would not name the *Sermon*, but the *Confirmation*.

Mission Services, now so common, tend to confirm this view: they are like the calling for "another vessel," because "the *oil has stayed*."

PERSONALITIES—BAD HABITS.—How I got rid of some of these I will now relate. And in naming "bad habits," I do not refer to the many sins of "omission" and "commission" which press upon the conscience of every minister of God. These are for tears and prayers before the loving Father's throne—these are for the foot of the cross of that dear Saviour whose blood

cleanseth from all sin—these are for the aid of that Holy Spirit who revives the work and comforts the soul.

But what I refer to are habits, not bad in themselves perhaps, but better got rid of: and which with me found place in reading, snuff-taking and smoking. I am to tell, in these reminiscences, how I corrected what had got wrong.

I was a great smoker in early life, and all through College and afterwards, never passed a day and never slept a night without my cigars. The time came for Holy Orders. Was the habit to be allowed or not? Better not. I sat by the fire with a friend, in the hotel at Lichfield. Next day we were to be ordained. The cathedral clock struck twelve. At the end I dropped my cigar into the fire. "That is the last," I said; and I have not smoked another for five-and-forty years.

I took snuff much longer, and in defiance of all remonstrances. "You have your hobbies," was my rejoinder to them all, "and I have mine. I let you alone; let me alone."

And I went on filling my stomach, and in-

juring my digestion by day, and snoring and keeping my wife awake at night. But one day I was poorly and did not get up till mid-day, and recollected whilst dressing that I had omitted my first dear waking "pinch!"

"Suppose I get through the other half of the day," I said to myself. "I will try."

Now I had just ordered down from London a six-pound jar of beautiful snuff, and my little silver snuff-box, fitting my waistcoat pocket, was filled, and close to hand and nose; but I tried for the rest of the day, and the next, and the next; and so I went on, saying not a word to man or woman. At last my wife said to me, "I think you do not take as much snuff as you did."

"Snuff," I replied, "I have not taken a pinch for six weeks."

The habit was broken determinately, and given up; and the jar disposed of amongst my poor old men and women. I have never carried a box since; but when I see a brother clergyman take out his box, at Synod, or Visitation, or Rural Deanery, I ask for a pinch; and then I sneeze violently like any other man!

From earliest life I devoured stories. All

Walter Scott's as they came out, and all his contemporaries, and Sir Charles Grandison and Evelina, etc., were my delight and joy. I read all that fell in my way, by day, and sat up late with them at night. They refreshed me when weary, and carried away my thoughts from many an anxious care. So far all was well enough. But as I advanced in life, *other reading got dull!* Biography I did not care for. History sent me to sleep. Science I hurried over. Divinity I could do without. Sweets had spoiled my digestion; and I was getting dyspeptic. This would never do. Something must be tried. I would see what abstinence would accomplish.

For ten years I never read a story, except such as came in the magazines of thirty years ago. All Disraeli's novels, and Marryat's, and countless others, were coming out. They were all in the public library of my parish, which contained ten thousand volumes, and were all on the shelves inviting my perusal there, and awaiting me at home; but I *never opened one*, till the dyspepsia passed away. Then volumes of History, sacred and profane, Church records, Divinity, and Biography, and Science, came

back again to their proper place and gave me proper pleasure: and then I could read a story, as I read one now, for a wholesome change. But more frequently than not, the volumes glide away with the first one read, and the last peeped at, just to see whether "the lady married, and had sons and daughters, and made her husband happy for the rest of life!"

And now fifteen years began to tell; and health began to fail; and worries, such as are caused by great Collegiate schools in debt, and newly-opened Cemeteries with double chapels, began to give sleepless nights and weary days.

Faintings came on, and giddiness, and extra medical aid was sought; and the decree was passed—"Lock up your desk and live; stay as you are, and die."

The desk was locked, and the parish left; and for eighteen months I was a wanderer on the face of the earth, unable to attend church, or even to kneel down and say my prayers; but allowed to walk and talk with God, to look at pictures, and paint them, to cut out ships and rig and fight them. These latter have been preserved, and they are fighting still, under glass

shades, memorials of the Russian War, and showing the terrible effects of gun cotton! And then, through God's mercy, health returned, and my large Northern parish, which had been well served in my absence, was exchanged for a small and quiet one in Kent.

KENT.

No need to guard against Parochialia here. My work was very easy, and the parish small. And yet, as a matter of precaution, I had a curate, for the first two or three years; and he was held responsible for all the parish work.

Amongst my most pleasant reminiscences, was intercourse with Archbishops and Bishops, by many of whom I had the honour of being known, and favoured with more or less friendly intercourse. To this I will now turn: when I have referred to two documents met with in the iron chests of my new parish, which have some Church interest. The first was a parchment in Roman Catholic times, detailing the deconsecration of a church which appeared to have been useless then, and would certainly have been useless now. Some Cardinal (I forget

who) was the De-consecrator, and he appends his name to a description of the details. First, the land on which the building stands is desecrated and made common; then the church itself; then the holy precincts; then the altar, the altar cloths, the seats, the desks, the windows, etc. "Holiness to the Lord" is taken away authoritatively from all; and the building with all its offsets is secularized and made common. And thus it has stood for hundreds of years—a precedent if one has been, or should be, needed—and thus I found it, an ecclesiastical building, transformed into a hop-kiln.

The other document serves to settle a question, which many hold wrongly as to the meaning of the word "Oblations" in our service for Holy Communion. This document is signed by King Philip and Queen Mary; and gives to the Rector of the parish, the Oblations offered on four special Holy-days in the year, for his own personal benefit and increase of stipend. The meaning of the "Sentences" then read, which refer, not only to the poor, but also to the workers in the vineyard, and the feeders of the flock, is thus made clear. The alms are for the poor; and the oblations are not the presentation

of the bread and wine, but a supply, when duly authorized, for the necessities of the minister. They are amongst the "other devotions of the people."

But I now turn to the Episcopate; and to my reminiscences of many who adorned it in years past.

Few will remember the gentle and loving Dr. Ryder, Bishop first of Gloucester, and then of Lichfield and Coventry; but I do, for I was ordained by him: and I remember, as if it was yesterday, sitting by his side, whilst he referred to an answer I had sent in touching "Schism." I suppose I had spoken too strongly: and I remember explaining my meaning to be that "Separation from what is right, is wrong; and that separation from what is wrong, is right."

"Just so," he said; "taking the Scriptures as the sole rule of faith, and applying what your paper says to Rome, our schism or separation from her at the Reformation would have been wrong if she had been right, but was right because she was wrong."

And with kindly words he gave to me, as was his custom, two little bound books, which are still upon my shelves—"Burnett's Pastoral

Care," and "Wilks on the Conversion and Unconversion of Ministers."

The Bishop of London, Dr. Blomfield, I knew next; but my intercourse was neither great nor complimentary. I had to wait upon him in St. James's Square on leaving his diocese, and was warned by a friend to watch his knees. When crossed, stay on; when uncrossed, don't stay a moment. I stayed till they were gently uncrossed, and then, rising, said that I hoped during the two years I had been in London I had given him satisfaction. "Well," he said, good-temperedly, "when I hear nothing at all about a curate in the diocese, I take it for granted that all has been going on well. So it has been in the present case, and I bid you kindly farewell."

Then came the Indian episode. And my next Bishop was Dr. Denison, Bishop of Salisbury. He had appointed me to preach a Visitation Sermon, and I had to call upon him. After a friendly interview, he said, "Don't go yet; I must take you up to see Mrs. Denison;" and he did so, and I found, lying on the sofa as an invalid, one of the sweetest ladies I ever saw. Of her beauty I do not speak; it was

her delicate hand, her speaking eye, her loving smile, her gentle speech, that struck me so much. She lay quite still; received me as her husband's friend, and therefore as her own; made me sit by her, and led to "conversation in heaven":—whilst the Bishop stood by, leaning on the mantel-piece, with looks of love, but keeping silence. She died in, or soon after, her confinement; and the Bishop's episcopate was finally a troubled one: but I never thought of him but as the "loving husband leaning on the mantel-piece.". The interview has been vividly recalled to mind by reading the testimony borne to the lady by the Baroness Bunsen.

Some autograph letters from Bishop Wilberforce are in my drawers; and I have paid a pilgrimage to his Memorial Tomb. Strange to tell, I there witnessed an accident similar to his own. Not fifty yards from the place where the Bishop's horse tripped and fell, I was suddenly called by one of the party who had accompanied us, to assist a gentleman, who, in opening a gate, had been seized with a fit, and was lying, apparently dead, upon the ground. His companion, a lady, had galloped off for assistance, and a stranger was holding the frightened horse. It turned

out to be an Indian Colonel, at home on leave. My friends' conveyance bore him to a house, where assistance was promptly rendered; but the fit was apoplectic, and he died from the fall, as the Bishop had done.

Who that ever heard those persuasive words, that sweet-toned voice, that true eloquence, whether in speaking or preaching, but will regret his loss to the Church, and to his wide circle of friends? I am no critic, nor do I desire that any words I speak may savour of criticism—mine are Reminiscences. I have often sat by his side and listened to his words, both in public and private—sometimes agreeing, sometimes differing, always admiring; but till lately I was not aware of the brief words and firm hand with which he ruled his diocese. It was at the opening of some church in Surrey I recognized these peculiarities. I was only a looker-on; but there were nearly one hundred clergy present, and the Bishop was commander-in-chief. A large room was provided, and all who were known, met with his usual friendly greeting. But soon the Rector was addressed, "There is some one in that corner I do not know: introduce him." And then again, "I see a clergyman sitting on that

bench whom I do not remember: bring him to me." All was peremptory courtesy.

The Rector came to me and whispered, "All the programme has been altered, and the officiating clergy I proposed and prepared, are changed for others: what must I do?"

"Do!" I replied, "why, do as he bids you. What else can you do?"

And thus it fell out. Readers of the Lessons were appointed afresh; the Procession was rearranged and inverted; the Bishop entered the church first, instead of last; the choir remained to take some part assigned to them in the Communion Service, but they were sent out by the Bishop as non-communicants, before it began. Everything was certainly done "decently and in order," but it was at the word of command. I know not whether this method will appear as usual, when the valued Life is completed; but it struck me at the time as varying from the gentle courtesy usually apparent.

When I was in the North, Bishop Wilberforce preached in Halifax parish church. The northern archbishopric was vacant, and it was understood that he longed for it. In his sermon he spoke of his father having been member

for Yorkshire, and of his deep love for the county, and his speech was stopped by tears!

The Bishop of Sydney I met at the last grand Pan-Anglican gathering at Canterbury, and he was good enough to recognize me as a fellow-helper at a public meeting held in Liverpool just before he sailed in 1854. It gave a wonderful idea of his work, to hear him say, "As you in England form parishes, so I form dioceses. You cut off a part of your charge, build a church, and form a new parish. I cut off ten thousand acres from my charge, get an endowment made, appoint a bishop, and form a diocese." All must needs look up to him as Metropolitan, for he is a head and shoulders taller than any bishop I have ever known. May God prosper his great work!

And now I rise from bishops to Archbishops. My new parish was in the Canterbury diocese, and I have sat at the feet of four archbishops.

I go back with affectionate reverence to Archbishop Howley—the last of the old *régime*—the last who drove to Confirmation in a carriage and four—the last trustee of £25,000 per annum:—with Lambeth and Addington. At Addington I spent a week, and retain

a strong impression of the kindly courtesy of this first Church gentleman! Though neither I nor a brother clergyman were the chief guests, we were included in the invitation: and what is now commonly done by butlers, the Archbishop did himself, conducting us to our rooms, looking round to see that all was right, and bidding us ask for anything we might need. Then two days afterwards, came the contrast of a state dinner, at which Earl Nelson and twenty others of note were present—the Archbishop seated at the top of the table, his chaplain at the bottom, and Mrs. Howley on one side, with twenty footmen in purple liveries, one behind each chair, anticipating each want.

The drives, the walks, the intercourse, were all kindly and pleasant; and I remember a drive when Mrs. Howley spoke a few words, effectual in enforcing the command, "Thou shalt not covet."

"Ah yes," she said, "the archbishopric is all very well, but my husband looks back with longing to other days when the *responsibility* was less. 'When I was Bishop of London,' he says, 'and some trouble came, as they are always coming, I could order my carriage, and

drive to Lambeth, and get advice, and come back with a light heart; but now, I have no one to go to, no one to share my responsibility.'"

I recall many pleasant, chatty hours. I remember being asked to describe to the Archbishop the process of Mesmerism, with which he was not familiar, and about which he felt curious. I told of a visit lately paid to an eminent professor of the science. Publicity had not been allowed, for the young person to be operated upon was the daughter of a Wesleyan minister.

I described what I saw—the apparent sleep instantaneously produced—the touch upon one and another of the phrenological organs, and the effect produced. The organ of *benevolence* was touched. "Mary," said the sleeper, "there is a poor beggar woman with a little child at the door; give her some meat and bread."

The organ of *caution* was touched. "But, Mary, before you give her anything, ask where she comes from, and what has brought her to want? Take care she does not impose upon you."

The organ of *cheerfulness* or merriment was touched. She rose from her chair, touched her dress on either side, and began a little dance.

The organ of *veneration* was touched. She sat down and began to sigh and even to weep. "Oh yes," she said, "it is very touching and very true." "What is touching and true?" she was asked. "Last Sunday's sermon." "What was the text?" "'He made me a keeper of the vineyards: but mine own vineyard have I not kept.'"

I was aware how much trickery had been confessed or detected; and when she was aroused, I spoke to her seriously and affectionately. She knew nothing of any beggar woman. She indignantly denied the dancing, "How can you say such a thing! I never danced in my life."

The Archbishop was interested.

"Well, well," he said, "if there is really anything in it, it will stand proof; if not, it will come to naught."

A good deal more was said and done during the visit; for matters were restless in the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel; but with these I need not trouble the reader. With controversy I have nothing to do.

When Dr. Howley entered into his rest, he was succeeded by Dr. John Bird Sumner. He

was my Diocesan at this period; and I was an annual visitor at Addington. Several evenings I have spent there with Henry Venn, Hugh Stowell, of Manchester, and J. W. Cunningham, of Harrow. The rule was to talk in the evening till the Archbishop closed his eyes; and that was always at eleven o'clock to a minute. I remember that they got once into a talk on Calvinism; and how glad I was to hold up my finger and point to the Archbishop, as he also was, no doubt, glad to close his eyes, and stop it. He always did his own work; and in vain was any application made to his chaplain: he knew nothing. Very early in the morning the Archbishop rose, lighting the fire laid over night. Then all his letters were answered; and all his varied and valuable works were written; and after his death, a complete set of these volumes was presented to all of us who had been his Rural Deans.

It was a time of terrible party spirit and disunion; and his opinions were too pronounced to be acceptable to all.

"Why not call the Bishops around you in this quiet place," I once ventured to ask, "and so come to a general agreement?"

"What is the use?" was the reply; "we meet and part:—and the divergency is greater than before."

The ladies of the house were very good and kind; but it wanted a mistress.

"Who is Mistress here?" I one day asked a daughter.

"No one."

"But who gives orders?"

"No one."

"Who then is responsible?"

"No one."

The replies were figurative, of course; but still figures of the true.

I walked once round the rooms, and the dear Archbishop showed me the pictures hanging up, and framed. They were in water colours, and the blue of the sky had turned to a pale green, and the yellows had faded away, whilst the browns of the posts and the horses stood out in all, and more than all, their original strength.

"They have been cleverly painted," I said, "but the colours have failed sadly."

"No," said the Archbishop, who had no doubt looked on them every day for fifty

years :—"They are just the same as they always were. They hung up in my rooms at College."

I preached again, a Visitation Sermon, and was asked to print it. The Archbishop sanctioned the request, saying it was "*multum in parvo.*"

On the whole, I have preached and printed five Visitation Sermons: and more useless and unprofitable work I have never done; for nobody reads the sermon when printed, although five or ten pounds has been expended in the printing.

Yet still, while rejoicing at the absence of the Sermon, which now prevails I suppose everywhere, I feel sometimes a touch of regret that the clergy have no voice in the Visitation. They could speak a word in season if there was need; but now they are silent listeners.

But the happiest of my reminiscences were connected with Bishop, afterwards Archbishop, Longley. His high appointment had been with me almost a prophecy. I had been staying with a dear and kind lady near York, and she asked me one day in what direction I would drive. Dr. Longley had presided over the diocese of Ripon for about twenty years. He had then

been translated to Durham, and now quite recently to the Archbishopric of York. I inquired if he had arrived. This was not known; but "we could go and see;" and we went. As we drove into the quadrangle of the Bishopsthorpe Palace, we passed a carriage well-nigh covered with mud, telling of a rapid journey: and on ringing the bell, and making inquiries, the kind Archbishop came himself into the passage, and welcomed me.

"I have only just arrived," he said, "and you are the first friendly face I have seen."

He was sitting in an empty room, with a little scrap of carpet, two chairs, and a small table, answering a huge packet of letters. I offered my congratulations, and good wishes; and then ventured to express a hope that he would not go to great expense in furnishing this huge house; for that it would not be to him a permanent resting-place.

"What do you mean?" he said. "To what are you referring?"

My answer was: "A higher step awaits you: of that I feel confident."

"God forbid!" he replied, seeing that I referred to Canterbury as a possible vacancy.

But I repeated what was then only *conviction*, but which became prophecy two years later, when God called Archbishop Sumner to Himself in the year 1862. We then turned to other topics, and I left.

But my pleasantest intercourse was at Ripon, many years earlier, when he was in the fullest health and vigour, happy in his family, and capable of any amount of work in his new diocese. Woe to the clergyman who started with him for a walk! Four miles an hour for two hours was the least he could expect. Health required from the Bishop both this and more; and if the weather forbade, exercise could be found indoors.

I remember a heavy morning's work in the Palace, and a pouring wet afternoon. What was to be done? I saw battledores and shuttlecocks in the hall, and challenged the Bishop to a game. A large room, as yet unfurnished, was the field of battle; and, after some skirmishing, we warmed to the work, and, without a drop, counted 1475! And then it was my arm that failed from very weariness.

"Don't tell," the Bishop said.

"Nay," I replied, "we have both played as

fathers of families: why not you, my lord, as Father of the Diocese? I am quite sure there is not another Bishop on the bench who could mark 1475!"

After this, I may just mention one pun, which I consider good and rare—good, because I have remembered it for thirty years; and rare, because from him I never heard another. Some business had brought the Bishop to my parish; and, that ended, we were walking up to the Vicarage, when the Bishop, pointing to the weather-cock on the coach-house, said—

"I thought the wind was in the west, but your vane points to the north."

"Yes, my lord," I replied, "it always does. It points to one quarter, and ignores the other three. It is out of order."

The Bishop lifted up both hands, and said—

"Who would have thought of an AIR-IAN being at this vicarage?"

He was the best man of business I ever knew. Every letter was written with his own hand, and almost always by return of post; but he never, as a rule, took copies: and he has told me himself that he never had reason to repent of not doing so.

When staying at my house, the study was always placed absolutely at his command:—my multifarious papers all cleared away—two upper drawers emptied—clean blotting-paper, pens and ink provided:—and then he was happy.

I never knew any one who had a better power of connecting persons and names. For myself, I have often forgotten my own; and when making a call, and being asked by some new servant, "What name shall I say?" I have been obliged to tell her to name "the Vicar." But let the Bishop once know a candidate for orders, or be once fairly introduced to an incumbent in his own diocese, and it was always, "How do you do, Mr. Atkins?" or, "How do you do, Mr. Bailey?"—A great secret of popularity this.

I remember at one Visitation, when, having been selected to preach the sermon, I sat by the Bishop's side at dinner, there being about fifty clergy present. He made some remark, which led me to say, "Surely your lordship cannot know all the clergy here present."

"Yes, I do," he said; "I know every name but of one gentleman near the bottom of the table."

I was surprised at this proof; for the gentleman in question was a layman, and a friend of mine, introduced by myself.

His reproofs were the gentlest I have ever known. I never heard a stronger than one spoken of myself, and reported to me by the Archdeacon. Some controversy had arisen, in which I suppose I had taken part, and expressed myself strongly.

"The Vicar almost forgot himself," he said. Whereas another would, no doubt, have said, "The Vicar ought to be ashamed of himself."

He never allowed "evil speaking" in the Palace; and one day, when my wife, as ladies will do, was discussing some character, Mrs. Longley broke off the conversation on the Bishop's approach, saying, "He never allows character to be discussed here We must hold our tongues."

The gathering of the Ripon Rural Deans was held annually at the Palace, and was very interesting; the Rural Deans being in charge of large parishes, and generally men of note, as Dr. Hook, Dr. Scoresby, and others. One meeting stands out in memory. Archdeacon Musgrave, of Halifax, the dearest and kindest

of all Archdeacons, was present, and about twenty Rural Deans, to discuss the expediency of Synodical action in the Diocese. Opinions generally were in favour of it. I was a listener only, sitting near to the Bishop. He turned to me and said—

"You have not spoken a word. What have you been thinking about? What is your opinion of Synods and Conferences?"

I said then, what I have ever thought since, that "Conferences," whether Diocesan or General acted, I thought, like "safety valves," and were, therefore useful to the Church. Clergy needed some vent for their opinions; and if one opinion was ill-advised, it was corrected by another. But I thought that Synods in every Diocese would be preliminary steps to Disestablishment. "The Church can now take care of herself," would be said by friends, as well as foes; "loose her, and let her go."

"You rule the Diocese," I added, "by Divine commission and authority. Your rule is kindly and gentle. I and others submit gladly to your 'godly admonitions;' and the responsibility rests where it ought. But I shudder when I think of being placed under the authority of the

clergy round this table; and from what I understand of the opinions they have now expressed, it seems to me that matters would be sadly reversed: they would be the JUDGES, and your Lordship only the EXECUTIONER." All smiled; the Bishop rose; and the meeting broke up.

This is what I still think of Synods, and the effect of Synodical action if carried out. Disestablishment would move onwards, and the union of "Church and State" become a thing of the past;—which God forbid!

From Rural Deans to Rural Deaneries, there is but a step; and regardless here of time and place, I may finish what I have to say, and dismiss the subject.

When the Rural Dean changes his post, his Deanery drops from him, until again appointed elsewhere. Thus it has dropped from me, once and again; though on the whole I have held the office for nearly twenty-five years.

The "Rural Deanery" is, what the clergy make it: sometimes highly interesting and useful; sometimes comparatively harmless, but useless. If the clergy are inclined to say nothing and do nothing; if the meetings are held in varying parishes as offered, sometimes

near and sometimes miles away, and not regularly at head quarters; if subjects are not carefully selected for discussion, or when selected, are carelessly discussed; and if Rural Deans "love to have it so," or "cannot help it:"—then time and trouble are both wasted, and the only advantage is that the country clergy are brought face to face, and get to know each other.

In the most stirring of my Rural Deaneries, the meetings were held half-yearly, and always in my parish. The gathering place and time was, "Morning Prayers in Church." The adjournment was to the vestry. The numbers were from fifteen to twenty. A subject for discussion had been selected at the previous meeting, and the preparation of a written paper assigned to some one then present. Names were called over by the secretary, and the minutes of the last meeting read. A short address from the Rural Dean was followed by the reading of the paper; and if good, it was asked for, to be copied and preserved. Discussion followed; requiring great care, for fiery spirits were present, and High, Low, and Broad Church tongues were loosed. But anything is

better than deadness and indifference; and when things went too far, it was always possible for the chairman to close the meeting.

All was ready at the Vicarage—refreshments spread, and no servants required, or allowed.

My very first act for restoring harmony was to fill every glass full of some admirable *brown sherry*, almost as old as myself. After two glasses of this, the fire of the eye would pass away, the flush would fade from the cheek, high shoulders would come down, stiff backs would bend, and kindly words would drop from the lips.

The "Eastward position," "Early or Late Celebrations," "Onesiphorus," "the Burials' Bill," the "R. I. P.," the possible or impossible "Union of Church with Dissent," and all the vexed questions agitating the country, which had required self-control and self-command and careful handling an hour before, were now all quieted, and the harmony with which meeting after meeting ended, was attributed, as a standing joke, to the *brown sherry*.

The joke may linger still. All I know to my sorrow is, that the brown sherry is gone. The Rural Deanery and the peacemaker vanished

together. But the hint I would fain give, remains. It is, that if tranquillity is to be preserved, and goodwill perpetuated amongst a spirited, intellectual, and influential body of clergy, the above prescription is not to be despised. It does not touch, nor is it intended to lessen, the importance of Clerical conferences in themselves. The reminiscence has only respect to what follows after—to the removal of unkindness from minds stirred by strong language, kindling eyes and bitter controversy.

The spiritual state of parishes, their growth or wants, can best be learned I conceive by personal visitation. It seems to me a great mistake when the visits of Rural Deans are primarily, if not exclusively, directed to obtaining the signatures of churchwardens to printed questions.

I now come back again to Dr. Longley, when Bishop of Ripon, and to his kindly management of his diocese. Nothing happened of which he did not take cognizance.

A terrible flood happened from the bursting of an immense reservoir in my neighbourhood. It swept down the valley for whose prosperity

it had been formed, carrying away mills, houses, cottages, cattle, and occasioned a terrible loss of life and property.

The Bishop came over at once, and with me visited the scene of desolation, comforting survivors and aiding the distressed.

"What can I do for your parish?" he said one day.

"Can you give us a week of sermons and visiting?" I asked.

He assented, and it was settled that he should preach in the parish church on a certain Sunday, and in each out-township through the week. I did not wish to obtrude myself. About mid-day on the Monday, therefore, I drove him over and left him in the care of the incumbent and his family, who were free to tell troubles and to take counsel, to gather the congregation, and listen to the sermon. Then on the following days I drove over and took him to another, and another township. Thus all were gratified by his kindness and benefited by his counsel.

Convocation awoke in Bishop Longley's time. He himself was favourable to its assembling; but the Archbishop of York, Dr. Musgrave, was unfavourable. The clergy were divided, and when two addresses, with signa-

tures, were forwarded to His Grace, it was found that the "non-contents" whom I headed, considerably out-numbered the "contents." But the excitement continued, and it found vent in the election of Proctors, about the year 1852.

From the year 1837, when the diocese of Ripon was formed, matters had been arranged very quietly. The Archdeacon had been accustomed to select two of the beneficed clergy, and ask their consent to be put in nomination, when the issuing of writs for a new Parliament had required the election of new Proctors for the Convocation.

Nomination followed the consent, and election followed nomination, almost as a matter of course. The forms were complied with, the commission filled up, and there the matter ended. Thus I myself was a Proctor for two successive Convocations, so-called.

But this was now all changed. A committee was formed, circulars were issued, a personal canvas was carried on, and two names were selected, without the Archdeacon's cognizance or knowledge. All was managed secretly; and I remember well the feeling of surprise excited in the minds of a few friends, and in my own, when a hundred clergy and

more, crowded into the railway-carriages, on the way to the gathering place. The secret was soon whispered, and the result corresponded. From the large number of "non-contents" before alluded to, only seven were present. The remainder, suspecting nothing, stayed at home. The scale was thus turned, and I became an "ex-Proctor:" and, as ex-Proctors generally do, I wrote a pamphlet! Of all that followed I remember nothing. All I know is, that the mode of election for our branch of the Northern Convocation was not altered in my time. Convocation only awoke from sleep.

When the Bishopric was eventually followed by the Primacy, I recall many little incidents connected with it in Kent. His Grace came over once to preach for me in my new Rectory. He had driven from Addington, and was somewhat hurried; but he pleaded business, and took me up to the study. It then appeared that he had been directed officially to prepare the "thanksgiving" office for the birth of one of the young Princes or Princesses; and as he drove, he had written a few thoughts.

"Sit down," he said; "take up your pen, and put these thoughts into words."

The first words were, naturally enough, "O God, the Creator and Preserver of all mankind"—

"Excellent," I ventured to remark, "for Morning Service; but what about the Afternoon and Evening? These will follow closely upon the collect beginning with the same words."

"True," he replied; "but would you suggest another beginning, for I am tired?"

And in such wise the new prayer was gone through: and I was directed to read it in that very morning's service, that we might observe how it sounded. It "sounded" very well, and it was printed from my handwriting; and I made an entry in the Church Book that the "Thanksgiving Prayer" was read in my church the Sunday before any other! And this was how it came about.

Some of the earlier activity which characterized his first Bishopric had naturally passed before he became Archbishop, and a little repose after dinner had become pleasant and profitable; for the "forty winks," as it was called, freshened him up for the evening. Very probably, when alone, he really did sleep; but I learnt by experience that if his eyes were shut, his ears were

open. At Addington, one evening, he seemed to doze; and half-a-dozen of us, who, I suppose, thought ourselves quite able to rule the Church, were talking in a low voice about the best way of checking or suppressing some party ebullition then in progress. "A decided expression of opinion," I thought and said, "would do it. Gentleness was wasted. It did but encourage the violent language and pushing of the party."

Thus we were discussing the matter, *sotto voce;* but the Archbishop roused, and said to me, "Your idea may not be bad; but what would you do when two parties, equally violent, were pushing you different ways?"

Another time it was in my Rectory. I had in the dining-room a most comfortable easy-chair, close to the fire, and to his seat at table. The ladies had left, and ten or twelve clergy were sitting round the table. The Archbishop had taken duty, and was weary; and though he remonstrated at first, he soon subsided into the arm-chair. We took no notice, but continued our discussion, which had reference to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel; and to a motion, which had been just proposed, to allow of "caste" with Christianity, in India. This

was to alter, in effect, all that the Bishop of Calcutta had decided long before, and all that Archbishop Howley had approved; and, as an old Incorporated member, I was expressing extreme disapprobation. This led to questioning, and I told them that the real point at issue was not as to whether the distinction of Caste was abstractedly right or wrong in itself, but as to the result produced by its retention. It left a door open for a return to former heathenism. *Baptism* did not destroy caste, if nothing followed but attending church, and being called a "Christian." And many hundreds of the converts of this very Society had relapsed and fallen away to heathenism before "caste" was forbidden. And now an Englishman, who knew little or nothing of the evil, was for destroying the only possible remedy!

In a short time, the Archbishop stirred, and the subject changed; but on the second day after, I received a letter from the Secretary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, written, as he said, by desire of His Grace, requesting me to attend a meeting of the Society when the question of caste was to be discussed. A clear proof this, that the Arch-

bishop had heard the whole conversation, and had despatched a letter, without mentioning it, by the earliest post, to the Propagation Society.

The "Honorary Canons" of Canterbury Cathedral were called into existence by Archbishop Longley. The idea had been entertained by Archbishop Sumner, but so strong had been the opposition raised by some of the Cathedral body, that he had laid it down. It was, however, taken up by his successor, and carried through, and gazetted; one slight concession being made, that if, at any time, one of the "Six preachers" attached to the Cathedral, should be made an "Hon. Canon," he should take precedence over the others.

The first Hon. Canon was collated by the Archbishop on S. Simon and S. Jude's Day, Oct. 28th, 1863;—installed by the Dean on Saturday even, Nov. 7th;—read himself in on Sunday, Nov. 8th;—and then took the oaths, paid the fee, and received the Pass, or master Key.

Some difficulties subsequently arose on processional questions. The Dean having ruled that a separation should take place in proces-

sions, between the Residentiary and Honorary Canons, he was overruled by the Archbishop's superior authority. The matter had been referred to him, and he had corresponded with twelve different Cathedrals, and found that no difference of the kind proposed existed in any one of them. It was decided, therefore, that Canterbury should form no exception.

Every year since, two Honorary Canons have been appointed, and now the whole number of twenty-four bishops and priests rejoice in their connection with what they consider the first Cathedral in the world. It will be for the Cathedral Commission, now in action, to take away "all that hindereth."

And now as to my parish itself, about which I have scarcely spoken. It was in a lovely part of Kent, within easy reach of London, amidst cherry trees, apple orchards, strawberry grounds and hop gardens, with a trout stream, carefully preserved, flowing peacefully through the valley. In the spring and autumn, the white and pink blossoms, the crimson and golden fruit, mingled with lofty hop poles clothed in rich foliage and crowned with ripe clusters of what is both

flowers and fruit, formed a combination of rural beauty seldom seen.

The strawberry grounds also, supplying London wants, were wonderful; and my family have often been turned into a field of fifteen acres to eat their fill. The population was small and was kept small. No new building arose during my seven years' incumbency. Wages were high, and there was no real poverty. The church had been beautifully rebuilt, and in my time it was completed by the erection of tower and spire. Church rates were willingly laid and levied.

The exchange of livings had involved a considerable loss of income, but the tithe rent-charge, such as it was, was promptly paid. The Rectory was old, but the grounds attached to it were made pleasant by shrubberies, summer-houses, croquet-level, flowers, and fruit, and were brightened by peacocks with their young families, and by fancy pigeons. In the parish and neighbourhood were extensive parks and handsome houses. A member of Parliament was Rector's churchwarden. An ex-Lord Chancellor, of high and well-deserved repute, was a frequent visitor. London merchants, widowed and single ladies,

a clergyman without duty who very kindly read Prayers for me but would never preach, large and prosperous farmers and land agents—all these formed a society very charming, full of courtesy and hospitality. There was scarcely a Dissenter in the parish, and one family who had attended a chapel outside, gave it up for the time, and came to church. The School was well attended and well supported. There were also almshouses for the aged.

And now the reader will perhaps imagine that I am describing a model parish; but, alas! it was not so, for "true religion and piety" were wanting. The "church" and the "world" were mingled together in a way which I have never seen before or since. Church was fully attended, and the gentry from the neighbourhood, for various causes, flocked to it, and were accommodated. Lent was observed to the letter; and all the lengthened and solemn services of Passion week were devoutly observed, as each year came round. And then when Easter Monday dawned, the Anglican Carnival began! The County Ball gathered all the "devotees," and six o'clock a.m. saw them in the daylight returning to their homes. And it was thus

night after night, and day after day, continuously: and to every remonstrance, gentle or strong, the answer was, "Allow me to differ with you in opinion."

Moreover, when I had been long enough in residence to inspire confidence, I found there was a "skeleton" in almost every house.

I did what I could, as God's minister in cure of souls, by "teaching and preaching Jesus Christ," by commending religion as "the one thing needful," by inviting the "weary and the heavy laden" to seek for rest, and by warning words of the night coming "when no man can work." But I was powerless to restrain, I could only abstain; and God himself proved the effectual teacher—not I.

I knelt before long at the bedside of the churchwarden, unconscious and dying, after a sudden illness of a few days; and his mourning widow sent me as a sad souvenir the gold pencil-case with which, for years, he had taken notes of the sacramental alms:—the clergyman lost his wife and left:—the Australian merchant overspeculated and became a bankrupt:—long pining sickness entered one house:—sin desolated another: and when, after a few years, I

was invited by my successor to visit the parish and preach, there was but one house which retained its former inmates.

Before I leave these reminiscences of the parish, I recall two instances of God's providential care of "poor" and "rich." The case of the poor woman was curious, as told by herself, when she applied to me in her extreme necessity. She was a pious woman, and as a housekeeper in good families had saved enough money, as she thought, for her lifetime. She reckoned that she might live to be seventy-two, and that her money, carefully handled, might last till then; but at the time she applied to me, she was more than seventy-three, penniless, homeless, and hopeless.

It so happened that in our almshouses there was a crippled woman who could not go upstairs. The upper room, therefore, was empty and available, and there I, at once, placed the poor applicant with her furniture still remaining; and there, assisted by the parish and by charitable help, she spent her remaining days. She was very lame, and the time occupied in getting home from church after the sacramental service was long, so that I always overtook her on her

way. It was my wont generally to have one or two half-crowns ready in my hand, and as I passed I dropped them into hers, saying, "Mary, Jesus Christ sends you these."

"I am deeply grateful and thankful to Jesus Christ," was her ready and constant response. She saw her Lord's hand, and it sweetened the gift.

The other was the case of a large house, and a rich lady. She was staying as a visitor, and had one dear child, who was sick, apparently unto death. I called to express sympathy, and watch for some occasion of usefulness. God opened the door. She listened while I spoke of sickness and health being under God's control, and of the love of our Lord to little children; but when I suggested that we should kneel down, and pray for His help in this time of need, her surprise seemed unbounded. To kneel down in a drawing-room and pray, seemed to her mind something incomprehensible; and she herself told me afterwards that she had never knelt down and prayed except in church! All who were present, however, knelt; and I prayed, with submission to God's blessed will, that the dear child might be spared.

Very early in my ministerial life I had learnt the necessity of *submissive* prayers. I had a near and dear relative, whose second son had fits, as the effect of teething. The case was serious, and the mother asked for prayer. I was myself, no doubt, too earnest and self-willed; but the mother would not let God go without the blessing. The very room trembled with her prayer.

God gave us what we thus asked for. The child's life was spared, but as a hopeless idiot. He never left his bed: he never learned to speak: he grew six feet long: he had a room and servant to himself: and then, after eighteen years, God took him!

After this, submissive prayers became habitual to me, and I asked for this child's recovery, "if God pleased," and "if God saw good." It was so. He did. The child recovered; and thus the lady, in His kind providence, learnt that ours is a "God who heareth and answereth prayer."

But now health was quite restored, and friends began to say, "You are vegetating there, and doing no good. Seek another sphere." I had been much occupied with important literary

work, which had required leisure; but this was now ended, and I felt free. My wife's health also required change; so that when I received from one of the trustees of an important post near London an intimation that he had actually, without my knowledge, nominated me to the vacant Incumbency, I did not resist, but accepted the duty for six months conditionally. I was never inducted, nor instituted. I never read myself in. But I obtained six months' leave of absence, and put a *locum tenens* into my Rectory, leaving all things standing. Before the six months, however, were quite ended, a vacant living by the sea-side was offered to me, and accepted; and to the duties involved in that new sphere of labour my reminiscences must now point.

SEA-SIDE.

YES: we are now at the sea-side, and beginning a fresh course of duties, which lasted for nearly nine years.

We were received with much kindness. The Vicar's lady had been a friend of long standing, and the Vicar was well known, and gave us a hearty welcome. He was in the prime of life, active, energetic, earnest, a Low Churchman, an extempore preacher, and somewhat impulsive in speech :—

"Put down that book," he had recently said to a young lawyer, sitting quietly in his pew at Church, "or I will at once close my sermon."

The book was put down, and the sermon finished. But on Monday morning a letter arrived, stating that the condemned book was "the Bible," opened to find a text just referred

to in the pulpit; and demanding a public apology from the place whence the peremptory command had issued. This was at first refused; but a few kindly words from the Diocesan, who had been recently appointed, sufficed to clear up the misunderstanding, and end the matter. It was related to me with good temper and a smile, and I mention it amongst my Reminiscences, as an illustration of a somewhat impulsive character. Would that it had not re-appeared in far more serious matters!

The Vicar was leaving in consequence of a valuable piece of preferment having been offered him; but he, unwisely I think, told the people publicly, that he would not go if they wished him to stay. Is it necessary for me to state that, "after mature deliberation, they were unwilling to say a word which might hinder his acceptance of preferment so much more valuable than he held at present!"

On coming into residence, I found that a house had just become available. The selection had been decided on, and the agreement signed by my predecessor; but the funds had to be raised not only to pay for it, but to carry into effect the many alterations and improvements

which were not only desirable, but indispensable. The money was raised by personal and private benefactions, by the sale of glebe lands, and from investments held by Queen Anne's Bounty, and the Court of Chancery. The expenditure on the whole was about fifteen hundred pounds; the house was freed from debt; and was officially declared to be the Vicarage.

The situation was in the heart of the town, and very easy of access to all parishioners; but it was noisy and bustling, and too far from the church. I had no choice, however, and when all was ready, we entered in and abode there.

The house itself was fairly comfortable, but the garden behind very small. There was a pleasant conservatory which we soon filled with flowers and ferns, amongst them the parsley fern, gathered from the hills above Keswick; there was a pond about as large as a washhand basin, with a fountain playing in the middle; there was a mulberry tree, offering children quiet rest and pleasant shade on hot Sunday afternoons; there were a few fruit trees, and a tablet to a poor old dog who died and was buried there.

That dog has a place in my reminiscences; for he was an original. His name was Scamp.

He was of high birth and training, a handsome terrier, born in my recent living; and amongst many other traits of character, his methodical arrangement of time was prominent. Like a man about town, he left his card daily at the same places. On the glebe land adjoining the Rectory, there were always, in the season, partridges' nests, and these he regularly visited morning and evening. At first the mother-bird was frightened, but she soon looked upon him as a friend, and I have seen him push her off with his nose, that he might smell each egg, and note the process of incubation. From one nest to another he would go, leaving tracks behind him; and these visits paid, he would ascend the slope to the summer-house, to see whether a hare or rabbit had overslept itself. All this was habitual. But one day he forgot himself; and following a young friend into a stable yard too closely, found himself seized upon suddenly by a huge house-dog. Turning on his back, as terriers do, he was held by the throat, and had four deep wounds inflicted on his windpipe. Thus he was brought to us by the coachman who rescued him, as a dying dog; and for many days after, when he attempted to quench

his thirst, I saw four streams of water trickling from these wounds.

He recovered, however, and we took him with us to our sea-side home, where he was soon everywhere known as the "singing dog." His windpipe now acted like a whistle, and he went whistling or singing, in a higher or a lower key, as he made his new rounds at a quicker or slower pace. Boys stood looking; and even dogs did not salute him as dogs do, but they stood aside with tails stiff and ears erect, as if trying to make out whether he was singing "God save the Queen," or not.

He himself had learnt by painful experience, and cared not to make new friends.

This could not, however, go on long, and he died, and anyone standing by his tablet in the garden, might parody the title of a pretty little book which I have seen lately on many drawing-room tables, and say, "Scamp and I."

But who needs a *large* garden, when there are breezy downs for driving, smooth sands for riding, a stretched-out pier for walking, and a famous High Street for shopping?—and all these were found in my new parish.

The parish church was very dear, very old, very long, very low, and very badly ventilated. Three chancels at the east end were thrown into the body of the church, and filled with pews. The congregation was devout, attentive, and large, even in the winter season, when I arrived. But in the summer season, when the population (about 6,000) doubled, the congregation doubled likewise, and I was astonished to see pews, free seats, and aisles, Sunday after Sunday, crowded to overflowing by sitting and standing hearers. The pews were reserved for the owners or occupiers till the first words of Divine Service were heard, and then every seat was free and filled. In the shade outside, at the western door, a little crowd always assembled, and I felt somewhat like an open-air preacher.

After a time, I rented a large Hall to receive the overflow of the congregation, and I had an old dilapidated and disused porch cleared from sextons' tools, and put into good repair; and there a few invalid ladies, lying in their convalescent chairs, found a pleasant and a quiet refuge both for service, and for Holy Communion:—a little procession being formed of my

curate and myself, for administering to them and to other infirm persons who were unable to approach the Holy Table. These were pleasant, and I hope profitable days; and though it does not become me to relate all God's dealings with souls, yet the Day will declare it.

Woe to the parishioner who arrived after service had begun! A lady came to me once with a grievous complaint of her carriage having been accidentally delayed, and when she arrived, five minutes late, with her family, she found pew and church so full, that she had to drive home again. She did not threaten to leave the church, for perhaps she knew, as I did a little later on, that the churchwardens had a list of seventy-three applicants for the first vacant pew; and the only advice I could possibly give her was to start five minutes earlier.

There were three services on the Sunday, and one on Thursday evening, besides the Festivals and Lent observances; and Sunday services also in an outside hamlet. I had two curates to assist, but always as a rule preached myself, morning and evening. Of course old sermons now became new; but I found the repetition bad for myself, and I adopted a plan,

which I venture to recommend to brother clergymen, of *re-writing old sermons.*

The time had come when long sermons were no longer admissible or agreeable. To re-write them, therefore, while it removed the anxiety of thought, admitted of abbreviation and condensation for the hearer, whilst it gave freshness and life to the preacher.

In all the machinery usual in a well-worked parish, with one exception, I thankfully acquiesced for the time. I know nothing more unwise and unbecoming than for an in-coming Vicar to alter everything that has been done by an out-going Vicar. Of course, I do not speak of illegalities, which should be laid aside at once, but of things lawful, whether expedient or inexpedient. This will be learnt in a little time ; and then, when the new Incumbent is known, and has gained the confidence of his parishioners, he may suggest and carry out improvements with profit. Seven different hymn-books I have had to deal with at different times, and I have never changed one of them. All have beautiful hymns, and I have been contented to select carefully the best. And when I have read in the *Record* newspaper a letter from an

Evangelical clergyman, denouncing the Church Pastoral Aid Society, on the mere suspicion that any of their grants were made to parishes where "Hymns Ancient and Modern" was used, I have been ashamed of him: and have thought how necessary in these days is the Apostle's command in Eph. iv. 31, "Let all *bitterness* . . . . be put away from you."

Has he never met with silly people, as I have, who shut their hymn-books and shake their heads when they read?—

> "When I survey the wondrous CROSS."
>
> "Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
> Save in the CROSS. . . . ."
>
> "Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
> Which before the CROSS I spend."

I sometimes wonder they do not shut the Bible, and shake their heads, when they read Gal. vi. 14: "God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ!"

So also in the *Guardian*, when a hot-headed partisan (T. C. D., I observe) has ventured to call "Evening Communions" PROFANE, I have wished to ask whether he has ever read S. Matt. xxvi. 20, 26, 27: "Now, *when the even was come,*

He sat down with the twelve. . . . And as they were eating, Jesus took bread, and blessed it. . . . . And He took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them," etc. Does the writer dare to say that our Lord did or sanctioned anything that was in itself *profane?* Let him apply for information to Dr. Maclagan, Bishop of Lichfield; or, better still, let him read Canon Robertson's admirable Church History, and he will find that, "in the Apostolic age, the administration of the Eucharist took place in the evening, after the pattern of its original institution" (Robertson, vol. i., p. 71).

Has he ever asked himself why the "Church of Ireland," to which, I presume, he properly belongs, should not, in the exercise of the authority appertaining to all true Churches, avowedly and openly sanction that, which the Church of England tacitly allows?

How much in these days do we need to ponder on those gentle and loving words of our Lord, addressed to His fiery disciples, "Ye know not what spirit ye are of"!

The one exception I have before referred to was a general prayer-meeting in a public hall.

Originally well intended, I ascertained from undoubted authority, that it had become an arena for personalities and rash speaking of all kinds. Was the wife fractious at home, the husband came to the hall to pray that she might become submissive. Were the lodgings empty, the matter was advertised by a prayer that lodgers might be sent. If neighbours were at variance with the speaker, a better spirit was asked for them. And, quite recently, on a man present being called on unprepared, by the chairman (not necessarily a clergyman) to pray, he repeated verbatim the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, which he had just learned, and took to be a prayer!

Quietly I dropped the meeting, and, for a time, closed the Hall. I was, consequently, publicly assailed in the local newspapers; and a multitude of private letters brought quotations from the Prophet Malachi, and all parts of the New Testament, showing what I should have done, and condemning what I had done. But as I was no bidder for popularity, so neither did I fear unpopularity. I made no response, and took no notice, and the whole controversy was soon forgotten.

In another matter, on which I have touched

when speaking of my temporary sojourn at Guernsey, I gave up my own will and way, though with some hesitation. I speak of what I found in practice and with general approval; viz.: the administration of Holy Communion to a railful of kneeling communicants after one repetition of the words. It was almost a necessity, from the number of communicants; for I was sometimes quite alone; and age as well as health forbade early celebrations.

I acquiesced, therefore, as I have said; and waited for Episcopal sanction, which was soon given, as follows:—

Archbishop Longley once came to preach, and I asked three clergy to assist me in the separate administration of Holy Communion. This was done at his request; and the space would admit of no more assistants. The service was perhaps a little prolonged, and the sermon also. A very large number of communicants remained. The Archbishop consecrated and then rested; whilst we four clergy administered. When the service was ended, and all were proceeding to the vestry with the alms, etc., the Archbishop was startled by seeing a number of people approaching from the middle aisle.

"Stop!" he said, "we have omitted these communicants."

"No," I replied; "it is the congregation assembling for the afternoon service at three o'clock."

In the vestry, he said that the necessity, of which I had previously spoken to him, was obvious; and that he fully sanctioned my compliance with the former usage. But though for the time I consented, yet I have never habitually done so; and I never do it now. When the number was manageable, I then administered, and now always administer, to each communicant separately. The mind of the Church, as conveyed by her rubrics, seems clear upon this point. But she does not expressly forbid the use of the words of administration to more than one at a time, because she does not forget that in the same night in which He was betrayed, He "took bread, and brake it, and gave it to *the disciples* (τοῖς μαθηταῖς), saying," etc. "And He took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it *to them* (αὐτοῖς) saying, Drink ye *all* (πάντες) of it," etc.—Matt. xxvi. 26, 27. Have we not here, one Divine administration to eleven faithful recipients?

One word or two may fitly follow as to the various methods of *receiving* the sacred elements. For myself, I have never in times past attached great importance to it—neither did I then; and though visitors came from all quarters, and manifested great diversity, yet I never refused administration, save when both hands have been determinately withheld from "taking" it. When also I have seen recipients prostrate on the floor, I have merely waited till they thought fit to rise. The folly of "will worship" and "voluntary humility," in these days, is as great as in the days of St. Paul.

I was once appealed to by a neighbouring clergyman on this question of "reception." A communicant in his parish, refusing to receive in what was then and there the usual way, and holding out the palm of his hand instead, had been passed by once and again. He appealed to the Bishop, and the Bishop remonstrated. In answer to this remonstrance, the clergyman wrote to say that it was with him a case of conscience, and that he was prepared to suffer for it, and to endure deprivation and even beggary. He begged me to read the written letter before he posted it. I did so; and then told him that

before I expressed sympathy, and gave him my advice, I wished to say how sorry I had been to hear of the poverty and distress prevalent in his township; and, opening my purse, I asked him to take a sovereign and dispense it in any way he pleased. He thanked me, and held out his hand. "Now," I said, "you are a witness against yourself. I asked you to *take* a sovereign, and there it lies in the palm of your hand. You see that there are more ways than one of *taking* a thing!"

He was speechless for awhile; and then asked what he should do with the letter. "Throw it into this fire," I said; and he threw it in, and was thus saved—

> "Many a sorrow, many a labour,
> Many a tear."

Before I finish this introductory matter, I should mention that there was one other church in the town, built, I imagine, in the Georgian era, and in Georgian Gothic—high-backed outside, high-roofed inside; with one of those abominable parabolic sounding-boards which carry the murmurs of the congregation to the pulpit, rather than the words of the preacher to the congregation. It was a large church, with

an evening lectureship attached, with which I had nothing to do, and have no concern; it was partially endowed, and in private patronage.

In concluding these remarks, I would only say that, looking round the whole parish, which stretched far beyond the town itself, it did not seem to suggest the doing nothing, because not knowing what to do—which is sometimes true wisdom—but rather that the "cords" of the Church required lengthening, and her "stakes" strengthening; and this, by God's help and grace, I hoped to do.

The first thing to be taken in hand was the care of the sailors and boatmen. The "Seamen's Mission" had appointed a Missionary to act under the control of the Vicar; but there was no meeting-place, other than the sands or the pier: and casual conversation with hundreds of strong, busy, clever seafaring men, exposed to strong temptations, had proved of little practical use. For years, a handsome architectural plan had been under discussion—impracticable, because far too expensive. This was at once laid aside, and another called for; and in a comparatively short time a most convenient building

arose, with a large reading-hall, a tower and look-out room, conveniences of all kinds, and a basement for the keeper and his wife. On the tables were newspapers and periodicals, the Leisure Hour, People's Magazine, Sunday at Home, Illustrated News, etc.; with draught-boards, chess-boards, dominoes, and all such means of amusement. A library of some hundreds of volumes was gradually collected; a magnificent telescope was purchased; pictures were hung all round the rooms; and when, in winter, a wonderful fire was lighted, and twenty or thirty stout mariners sat round it, talking and smoking, it really was a sight worth seeing! How much better than the red-curtained windows of the public-house! Coffee was provided, but no beer, or spirits of any kind, were admissible. Here, ofttimes I have spent half-an-hour, when passing by:—

"My men! Who plays draughts, and who plays best?"

"Well, sir! a good many of us play; but James Smith, here, plays best."

"Come, James, sit down, and let us begin." And when I have beaten him once, twice, three times, he would play no more, saying, "Nay,

sir; you are too strong for me." And so this saying got abroad: "James Smith plays best; but the Vicar is too strong for him!"

Here, often, on a Sunday evening, when I could escape from the Parish Church, I have preached to a crowd of seafaring men; tables all removed, forms all arranged, harmonium played, pulpit and desk well placed—everything made to assume Church form; men on one side, wives and daughters on the other; stairs crowded up to the look-out room; all praying, all singing, all listening; and many an eye moistening whilst, in His love, and pity, and power, on the stormy sea, or on the mountain side, the Saviour and the Lord of all was brought to mind.

Regular service on Sundays was performed by the Missionary, as authorized, in the room; and the completion of the plan gave me much content, and did great good.

I had carefully inserted in the deed of trust, that if the building did not answer for the seamen, it might be made available for any other charitable object; and since every new plan has a weak place somewhere, so one appeared in this after a little while.

We had required payment of twopence per week from every member. Some grumbled at this: "The building has been raised for us; why should we be required to pay?"

Sometimes firmness is wise, and sometimes concession; and no doubt the pecuniary support of the institution was here involved. The point, however, was well considered; the trustees gave way; and thenceforth all members were admitted free. In the summer, the seamen did not need the room; they were too busy by day, and too tired at night. It was therefore opened as a resting or reading place for visitors; and their voluntary contributions supplied the necessary funds. Year after year passed, and all went smoothly during my time; and I never heard an oath nor saw a drunken man in the room. So far it was, and I hope still is, a great success.

But now "School Boards" and "Board Schools" began to threaten; and the Church, in this respect, required strengthening. Two schools, in addition to those already at work, were required to give the necessary accommodation, and these were at once built: one in a hamlet, as an enlargement; and the other

for infants, adjoining the National Schools. These National Schools were large and efficient; but boys, girls, and infants, were all mixed together. I have no objection, as a general rule, to "mixed schools"; for boys and girls, up to the age of twelve or thirteen, do each other no harm, but rather act as stimulants, by trying to surpass each other. But then the school must not be too large, and a Mistress must head it; for she manages the boys better than a master manages the girls.

But the case of these our National Schools was peculiar. The master and mistress were husband and wife; and he was so superior, that his influence was required all through the schools. On Sundays, the folding-doors were closed; and lady teachers instructed the girls, gentlemen teachers the boys; but on week-days the doors were left open.

When the new school was finished, I led a winding train of fifty little infants into it, and placed them on the platform. They soon, under careful management, increased to a hundred and more; and then fed the National Schools, as fuel feeds fire. After each annual examination, I led at least forty well-taught and well-

trained children, of six or seven years old, from the lower to the upper schools; and if any town clergyman were to complain to me of languid and inefficient National Schools, my experience, here and elsewhere, would lead me to say: "Build, then, an infant school; it pays its own expenses, and enables National Schools to pay theirs."

The topics of "Terriers," and "Tables of Fees," may seem uninteresting, as now introduced: but are nevertheless most important; and should be well understood by clergymen, their wives, their widows, their families, and their parishioners. How is a clergyman, appointed to a new living, to know of its "incomings" and "out-goings"? It may have been vacant for five months; a predecessor may have held it for forty years; his family may be scattered, or deceased; there are portions of glebe land here and there, far or near; there may be hothouses or conservatories outside, and there will certainly be kitchen-ranges, mantel-pieces, grates, shelves, and other fixtures, inside:—to whom do they all belong? Did his predecessor find them at his disposal when he

came, or did he pay for them? If he paid nothing, they all belong to his successor; if he paid for them, his successor must repay him: allowance being, of course, made for the wear and tear of bygone years. But if no one knows, the Terrier tells. It tells, in detail, of everything in church, house, and land, which belongs to the living; and the new Incumbent may claim freely everything thus enumerated.

In one of my livings I found five terriers; the oldest running back for hundreds of years, the others showing the changes and different phases of the living since. I had to sell the old Vicarage, and to build another; I had also to exchange glebe land; and it was necessary to invest money received:—and I accordingly left *another* terrier.

It was the same with the Vicarage about which I am now writing—with this difference, that there being no terrier at all, I had to make one. My predecessor was living, and could give me the information necessary as to the past; but I had bought a new house, and had paid for ranges, stoves, grates, bells, shelves, and every fixture, out of the money raised.

All this had to be, and was, carefully recorded, with all particulars of income and ex-

penditure from every source. It was handed to a lawyer to be engrossed on parchment, and put into legal form; and was then signed by me, by the churchwardens, the ex-churchwardens, and thirty or forty parishioners of well-known names and high credit, and was deposited in the iron chest. It thus became a legal document, defining the claims of all successive vicars. And when my successor entered on the living, he paid nothing for fixtures; and had all his possessions, in plain writing, before him. But for want of terriers the Church has lost many an endowment.

I remember, as a Rural Dean, visiting a church, and reading on its wall, half-hidden by the gallery and the organ, four grants of land to the incumbent.

"Of course you hold these lands?" I said.

"Nay," he replied, "I do not even know where they are."

"Have you no Terrier?"

"None."

And, sad to say, thousands of clergy would be found to make the same reply.

I have been in many counties where I have never heard the word "Terrier" mentioned;

and where I think the clergy did not know even the meaning of the word.

I now add that, in a proper Terrier, the "Table of Fees" is mentioned; and the amount, made legal by usage, is settled. It is a great mistake for a clergyman to suppose that he can vary "Fees" at his pleasure. He may *charge* more than usual, if he foolishly tries; but he cannot enforce the payment if it is refused. Custom is Law in all such cases; and the alteration of the customary payments is a most delicate and difficult business.

This I had to undertake, and it forms one of my Reminiscences, to be briefly mentioned.

A great abuse had crept in, which I mention as one of many—that of making distinctions in the funeral fees of rich and poor. The poor paid less, but the attendants were not taken into church: the rich paid more, and had the whole service. To alter this was my object: and it was necessary to lower the fee in the one case, or to raise it slightly in the other; so that the same service should pay the same fee.

Some excitement followed the announcement of the idea. Successive vestry meetings were held; Boards of Guardians, as paying for pau-

per funerals, had to be taken into counsel; Undertakers had to be made placable:—and then, when all had been arranged and approved, came the most vital and critical point of all—*the altered payments.* Had these been refused at the grave-side, they could not have been enforced, even after all that had been done.

I waited the result in silence. Disinterestedness, calmness, and patience had been required; and now, by God's goodness, came success. The new fees were paid, and no complaints made. A violated Church principle was remedied. All had the full, appointed services; all distinction between rich and poor vanished; and all classes were satisfied. Nearly twenty years have now elapsed. The new "Table of Fees," printed, and signed by the Diocesan, Vicar, and Churchwardens, hangs up in the vestry. The abuse, with others, is corrected; the usage is established; the law recognized; and the matter ended.

The Vicar of an adjoining and more important parish, hearing of this, and desiring to correct similar abuses, communicated with me, and followed the course prescribed. But in some way (I know not what), he, or his assis-

tants, blundered; and, in the result, payment was refused, and the whole plan frustrated.

What I have thus called to mind will convey information, and feed thought.

I now turn to another means adopted for "strengthening the stakes" of the Church, by promoting unity of action, friendly intercourse, brotherly-kindness, and charity. This was the establishment of a "Church Institute." How the idea originated I do not quite remember; but two or three joined hand-in-hand, and the idea was worked out, with permanent and most beneficial results.

A Society, called "The Literary and Scientific Institution," had been in existence a good many years. It had been originally highly respectable and influential. It had a very eligible location, possessed a good but dilapidated house, and had collected a very valuable library. But it had dwindled down; so that I never heard of more than one (there was one) regular morning "newspaper reader." It was overwhelmed with debt, had no means of payment, and was ready to perish. Their freehold house was offered to me for seven hundred pounds; and I invited

and persuaded seven gentlemen to advance one hundred pounds each, and hold the property, in trust, for the "Church Institute." I only touch upon results, not difficulties. The house and the library, with shelves and fixtures, were all eventually purchased, and paid for; and when the necessary alterations and repairs had been completed, the "Institute," which had begun operations in a hired room, moved in.

The constitution and the rules had been already carefully considered and agreed on. The former had as wide a base as any advocate for "Annual Parliaments, Universal Suffrage, and Vote by Ballot," could desire. Each one wishing to join had to be nominated by a member, and elected by ballot. The payment by gentlemen was five shillings per annum, and half that sum by ladies. No fundamental rule could be altered save at the annual meeting, and by the consent of a majority of three-fourths of the whole body of members. The management of the Institute was entrusted to seven members, elected annually, and called the "Council." All details ordered by this Council required "the approval of the President."

And here came in the Church principle: for

the Vicar of the Parish was ex-officio President. This gave unity and stability to the whole design, and carried the Institute safely over the troubled waters that followed. One gathering storm I will venture to describe.

Mutterings had been heard, and complaints made, without real reason, that the elected "Council" had been fettered in its action, and could not do what was wished, because of the power conferred upon the President.

At one annual meeting all the members were assembled, as usual; and the reader must picture to himself the large and lofty lecture-room, with the chairs of President, Council, and Secretary on the floor, and seats, full of members, rising tier above tier almost to the ceiling. The names of the new Council had been announced, the presidential address delivered, and the business apparently ended:—when the Secretary arose, and startled me by referring to the mutterings and complaints above alluded to, and suggesting that matters had better be brought to a crisis, and the air cleared. He was an admirable Secretary; and in my opinion the Institute owed much of its success to his unwearied zeal, his good temper, good sense,

and high principles. Nor was his present action, though unexpected, unwise. Discussion was invited; and up rose an Irish member, to speak, and to move that "the clause requiring the approval of the President to the action of the Council should be rescinded."

A seconder, and a free expression of opinion, was at once called for. Many men of weight and experience—Mayors and ex-Mayors, Councillors, and Magistrates, and Clergy—were present. One member rose to say that, in his opinion, it would be wise to "let well alone." Another thought that a permanent President was necessary, to guide a changing Council. Another thought the Vicar knew better than the Council how to manage matters: at all events, he preferred being under his management. Another said it was a *Church* Society, and should be kept on Church lines: the omission of the words would take away all power from the President, and all clerical control.

The few murmurers, whatever they might think, were silent. No seconder appeared: the motion dropped: the meeting separated with the expression of most kindly feelings: and the Institute thenceforth rode on prosperously.

The thirty-nine members, at the close of the first year, had increased to nearly four hundred before I left; and now, at the end of fourteen years, the Institute numbers, I understand, five hundred. The library avails for students, the newspapers please politicians, chess-boards occupy players, popular lectures and annual *soirées* delight the ladies, penny readings avail for "all sorts and conditions of men," and Churchmen in the parish are no longer like loose corn, scattered on the field, but like well-bound sheaves, standing upright for the harvesting. For all this may God be praised! And at the harvest-supper may the "five hundred" remember that the "old wine" is better sometimes than the "new."

A few more wheels have to be added to the machinery spoken of in the beginning of these Sea-side Reminiscences, and then the interior work will close the whole.

I have mentioned the fact that there were two Churches in the Parish; and nobody ever seemed to have thought of building another! But the time was now come, and it came in this wise:—But here a somewhat humorous episode suggests itself. The dear old Incumbent of the

second church, to which I have already referred, a good scholar, a kindly man, and universally respected, scarcely seemed, like a few others, to consider it worth his while to correct the "Clergy List;" though in that List his church stood, year after year, with five thousand people attached to it, and a miserable income of only two hundred and twenty pounds!

Sympathy was felt far and wide; and at length even the hearts of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners were touched, and they sent me down a long list of questions, to be answered by the Incumbent, with a view to further endowment. He winced; but I laughingly insisted. And when accounts were cast up, and Conscience held the pen, she altered the figures "220" to 490! Still, there was something more coming, as we shall see.

But first, and as explanatory of that "something more," I remember, in days of yore, a very Rev. Dean, who fell into bad health, and had a dangerous tumour forming at the back of his head. The time for removing it rested with Sir B. Brodie; and, in the interval, family considerations necessarily came into his mind. A large estate, held upon three lives, belonged to

his Deanery. One life had dropped, and the other two were advancing. The holder of the estate gladly entered into terms; and, in consideration of a fresh young life being entered in the lease, agreed to pay a large fine of, say, eight or ten thousand pounds! This was available for the Dean's family, in case he had not survived, which, happily, he did for many years.

The Great Tithes of my parish furnished a similar case. They originally belonged to the Archbishops of Canterbury, and their annual value was, in my time, two thousand two hundred pounds. In the early part of the century, the then Archbishop had leased them to a noble Earl, on three lives. What the fine paid was, no one knows. But two lives had dropped; and one, advanced far on its way, remained. Recent changes had transferred the estate from the Archbishop to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, who had ceased to grant leases on lives. When the one life left should end, therefore, they would come into actual possession of property worth at least sixty-five thousand pounds; and even valuing the remaining life at fifteen thousand pounds, there would be available tithe-property gathered from this sea-side parish

worth fifty. thousand pounds! Good reason might be found here for liberal grants to the parish, from whence all was derived. Happy the Vicar if he could have legally claimed it for himself and successors!

Taking the tide at its height, I entered into correspondence with the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and paid many a visit to Whitehall, and was met with all courtesy, and requested to make known my wants.

I asked for the restoration of the Parish Church, of which they would soon be the lay Rectors; also for increased endowments, stipends for additional curates, parsonage-houses, and new churches. The question of patronage thus became involved.

In response to the question of restoration, which was a serious one, the Commissioners sent down first one surveyor, and then another; and these were followed by their courteous and clever architect. But so much time elapsed before the matter was decided, the plans settled, and the Church closed, that I was called away, and thus spared an infinity of care, trouble, and anxiety! The restoration, however, was admirably done under my suc-

cessor; though it took more than five years to complete it.

I have said that the question of patronage also was involved; and it happened on this wise:—One site fixed upon, and most kindly given, was within the district assigned of old time to the second Church, and the Patrons of the one claimed the patronage of the other. They had a right to this if they built the new Church; and on their written agreement being duly signed, I withdrew all claim. A committee was appointed, and a large, handsome Church built; but I am sorry to add that a large sum remained, and, I fear, still remains, unpaid.

The other Church was built within what I have once and again called a hamlet, but which now threatens to become what St. Leonard's is to Hastings, and Hove to Brighton. I claimed the patronage for myself and my successors; but the Archbishop's claim was deemed the stronger of the two. I could but appeal to him in the words of Nathan to David, and say that he had "exceeding many flocks and herds," whilst I had only this "one little ewe-lamb," which I had nourished up, and which was unto me as a daughter.

The response was most kind and conclusive. The Archbishop said, "As you have been instrumental in raising the money for the Church, you have a fair right to determine in whom the patronage shall be vested. . . . You may therefore consider this letter as expressing my consent that the patronage shall be vested, as you wish, in the Vicar."

And thus it was ordered; and I presented to my good, seven years' curate, the Vicarage, with a beautiful Church, a comfortable house, large schools, and an income of three hundred pounds per annum. A small debt of less than one hundred pounds lingered upon the Church; but after a year or two I offered to come down and preach, if they engaged to clear it off. One kind lady bade me come; for, whatever the collection, she would undertake that no debt remained. And she did so. The balance asked from her was not large, and the Church was free.

It was soon brightened by stained glass windows, a magnificent organ, and surpliced choir: and in the usefulness and happiness of the new Vicar and his people, I found a rich reward.

And now this reminds me of the great loss sustained in the Church by the death of dear Archbishop Longley; and the great compensation granted to her by the appointment of Archbishop Tait. As in the former, so in this latter case, an impression on my mind preceded the realization. Dr. Tait, then Bishop of London, was preaching in my Church; and when conversing afterwards in the vestry, the words, "Your Grace," were involuntarily substituted by me, once and again, for "My Lord." In less than a month the words became appropriate.

The best men in the Church I have ever known are the four Archbishops I have thus lived to see! I have never heard an angry word from an Archbishop's lips; and that notwithstanding the troublous times through which they have been called to pass! I need not point out the calmness, decision, and courage involved in this Christian self-control. Each one, in turn, has known heavy personal and domestic sorrows; but these have but endeared them to the "mourners in Zion," and enabled them to "comfort others by the comfort wherewith they themselves have been comforted of God." I dare not say more. I can only thank God for

thus remembering His Church, and providing fit rulers and guides in her sore need.

I do not think my readers would be interested in any further detailed account of the movements of wheel-within-wheel, for the obtaining of sites, laying foundation stones, obtaining endowments, consecration of buildings, appointment of vicars, erection of vicarages, and efficient working of all the new machinery of the Parish. It will suffice to say that amongst my pleasant reminiscences, this stands prominent, that, when I came to my sea-side home, I found two churches, two vicars (anticipating in that word the Act of Parliament, which changed "Incumbents" into "Vicars"), two curates, and not a single house of residence;—and that when I left, there were four endowed churches, four vicars, four comfortable vicarages (or an equivalent), and four paid curates!

Surely we may say, with grateful hearts, "This hath God wrought": for we perceive that it is "His handy-work"!

And now from these external, we turn to internal matters as touching the Church.

These Reminiscences, though scarcely so important, may be found more interesting.

And first, one person appears upon the scene, who calls himself, and thereby gives me authority to call him, "Father Ignatius." I received a letter from the Archbishop in the year 1866, to the effect that the family, grieving over his eccentricities, and he himself desiring to obtain Priests' orders and to work quietly and loyally in the English Church, resigning his monkish proclivities and undertaking common clerical duties; — admission had been sought for him into the Diocese of Canterbury. The Archbishop was willing to give him a *locus penitentiæ:* and I was asked to receive him as a curate on probation. He had wished this; for though personally I scarcely knew him, yet he had visited my parish several times in quest of health, and had regularly attended my church—coming early, as the verger told me; kneeling and kissing the pulpit stairs, as he passed by; and, I suppose, offering a prayer that he might one day ascend it.

Whilst I doubted, he came down. Late one Saturday night, he and his brother were announced. No notice had been given, and

no preparation made; but they were welcomed, and I passed the evening in quiet observation of his character.

On Sunday morning, as we walked to church, I asked for the Archbishop's directions as to the service. He had given none, but had left all entirely with me. Being in Deacon's Orders, I put him on a surplice therefore, and placed him with myself at the Communion table, and assigned to him the Epistle (15th Sunday after Trinity) for the day. He read it, and read it very well. After an early Sunday dinner, I placed myself at his disposal for quiet converse, if he wished it. He thanked me: and for two hours told me all, or, perhaps, nearly all, that was in his heart:—I merely interposing a question now and then. He told me of his early days; his bias towards religion; the opposition he encountered; his life at Glenalmond; the course he pursued; the books he read; his assumption of the monk's dress; the crucifix under his cassock; and the miraculous cures he had wrought by its means. He was sanguine: and encouraged doubtless by my silence, he went on freely to disclose his plans for the future. He had no idea of living

a curate's life—he meant eventually to have a house and grounds of his own—he would call "good monks" around him, and establish rules and discipline:—for all which, he needed and sought priests' orders. The monastic system he, and many others, deemed the great want of the church. Seven clergy, in their parishes, were offering this very day, the Holy Sacrifice (with intention), for success in this, his application to me. He had no sympathy with Popery as such, nor did he care for Ritualism. All that he deemed important was self-dedication, world-renunciation, confession, and a return to what he considered the usage of the Primitive Church.

As I listened, I perceived that a great mistake had been made somewhere; and I fancied him heading a body of young men in the outskirts of my sea-side parish!

I asked him if he knew of what a variety of characters summer visitors consisted?

"Yes: but he should not allow his monks to mingle with them. He should walk them for exercise in procession two and two."

I asked him about the night time?

He said "He should build high walls."

How would he prevent their getting over?

"By the exercise of discipline: the Eucharistic sacrifice, and penance."

It was plain enough that I should soon lose all authority over both him and his monks: and I expressed undisguised astonishment at what he now said, as contrasted with what I had heard from the Archbishop.

He insisted that all was known and perfectly understood: and I had then only to answer for myself. This I did without hesitation. All idea of co-operation was at an end. I spoke kindly, and warned him that all his former troubles would recur, and his would be a wasted life; and I entreated him to dismiss past fancies and follies, and serve his Mother Church with simplicity and godly sincerity.

But I was compelled to stop, for he turned pale and faint, and I had to lead him into the open air. He was unfit for evening service; and spent the time in writing to the Archbishop. We met at breakfast: and without further discussion, he left by an early train: and I saw him no more.

The Archbishop was informed by me of

what had passed: and all further steps in that quarter ceased.

Meanwhile, my parish was up in arms! Of course, "Father Ignatius" was known; and busybodies went about, saying, that I had engaged him as a curate. Sunday evening and Monday morning were passed in drawing up a "protest," and the churchwarden came in, about eleven o'clock, to tell me this, and ask what had best be done. I told him that the best thing would be to throw the protest into the fire, and tell the busybodies to trust their Vicar:—for Father Ignatius was by that time safe in London, and they would see him no more.

It will be perceived that though there was much trust and kindliness in the parish; yet some kept their eyes open, as detectives do, and were easily disturbed.

At our Christmas festival, the Church was enlivened, as a general rule, with evergreens—the pillars entwined, the font adorned, the pulpit brightened, the Communion and its precincts decorated. I have always reckoned amongst the troublers of Israel in these days, "young ladies," "young curates," and "young architects." The architects may be changed;

and the curates checked; but what can be done with the "young ladies?" I have always felt a debt of gratitude for their disinterested and tasteful services: and in case of refusal, who can supply their place?

The initiative belonged, generally, to members of my own household: but when they had assigned font, desk, pulpit, etc., to different families or friends, the responsibility of the ornamentation finally adopted belonged, of course, to myself.

At the approach of one of our Christmas festivals, a friend, who was very kind, was requested to undertake the Communion precincts, and the result was a series of magnificent emblems in blue, crimson, and gold, to which, for the time, the interior framework of the Commandments gave place. I admired and consented to the erection of the emblems; but feared that some members of the congregation would not rightly understand and appreciate them. My fears were soon confirmed. The congregation assembled, and were dazzled with the "Alpha and Omega," the "I H S," the "XR;" and when the service was ended, the two churchwardens came into the vestry. Their

faces were darkened by what they had heard. Terrible meanings were affixed to the golden letters: terrible changes were doubtless at hand: the congregation was being "educated": but it must not be! The churchwardens themselves hoped I would re-consider the matter; and I said I would. When they had left, and the Church was closed, I called curate, clerk, verger, and pew-opener, and, with their help, the golden letters, the bordering flowers, the crimson and the purple, were all taken down, rolled up, and deposited in the vestry; whilst the "Commandments" came to light again, and the evergreens remained.

When the next congregation gathered, all that had given offence was gone, and with it all "evil surmisings." Was I so silly as to vex a Christian congregation committed to my charge, by insisting on the retention of "ornaments" in red, blue, and gold?

The Choir comes into the next reminiscence. Our services were not what is now called "musical;" but there were the usual chaunts, and occasional anthems. The choir wanted a little more; and my good curate humoured

them by intoning each versicle, and admitting of their chaunting the response in connection with it. All was well enough; but some dozen "pews" took it in dudgeon; and whilst the choir sung, they spoke—spoke in a loud voice, ending sometimes before the singing men, and sometimes after. The discord was consequently shocking, to say nothing of the bad spirit displayed.

I did not choose to take any official notice; but after a few weeks' waiting, to see whether the hindrance would be continued, I called the choir to me, and told them those little "services" must cease. They were hurt, but promised compliance, and begged as a favour that the chaunting of the Psalms might be conceded. I referred them to the Rubrics. The Church is silent as to the Morning Psalms, and therefore I would be silent also; but she speaks as to the *Evening* Psalms, and permits them to be "said or sung." I would speak, therefore, in the same way, and permit them to be "sung."

"And would I refuse to yield to objectors?"

"Yes, surely. The versicles were an experiment made by others, and the attempt had

been a failure. But the continuous chaunt would win its way, and silence all objectors."

And so it did: for even the good old women, who sat about the communion rails, and "reverently eat and drank" what was left; and never retired without a shaken hand and a kindly word, said that it was "beautiful," and sounded like the "Praise of God."

A little "R.I.P." controversy arose, and remains in memory, with its lessons. A previous Lecturer had, on leaving the second Church, joined the Irvingites (I use the term, not from any want of respect, but in order to be understood), and left some of his proselytes behind him. One was to be buried in the consecrated part of our cemetery; and I objected to the "R.I.P"—the general symbol of Romanism, and understood to involve prayers for the dead. The initials are *then*, of the words "Requiescat in pace," "May he rest in peace." But they may also be the initials of "Requiescit in pace," and then they express only a pious hope that the deceased "Rests in peace," and are unobjectionable. I had reason to believe that the former was intended, and therefore I objected—not absolutely, but conditionally on a reference to

the Archbishop. I had heard from Mr. Marriott, the great and indisputable authority (*pace* Canon Luckock) on all things connected with the Roman Catacombs, and he positively assured me that though he had seen many of the early Christian tombs marked with the "Requiescit in pace," and multitudes marked with the corresponding initials, he had never seen one marked with the Requies*cat*. Prayers for the dead, in truth, sprung up at a much later date.

The question was in this way submitted to the Archbishop, as Diocesan: and he advised me to withdraw my objection. This I promptly did, and the lesson I learnt was this:—that a mind may be kept in peace, which throws responsibility on those to whom it properly belongs; and that Conscience and Self-will are like the meeting of the waters: one often muddying the other. The decision in this case properly belonged to the Archbishop; and I never gave the matter another thought. Would not many clergymen, in the present day, be happier, if they were willing to "go and do likewise"?

The Dean of Windsor has recently taught us all a useful lesson, and set us a good example in the erection of a memorial tomb and

cross. The initials are not "R.I.P.", but "I.H.S."; and the inscription not "Requiescat in pace," but "Ad majorem Dei gloriam: ac in piam memoriam justorum propé hanc capellam, in Christo dormientium."

These episodes did not, of course, interrupt, nor even disturb, the internal weekly duties of the parish. Certain days were open, and certain days were closed; for such was the hospitality and courtesy of the parishioners and neighbours, that if all invitations had been accepted, we should never have been at home!

Saturday was closed for rest and needful preparation. Friday for the Bible Classes. Thursday night for Divine Service, when my curates and myself preached in turn. Monday was kept for the District Visiting Society, the Church Institute Committee, and the Annual Meetings of the great Religious and Charitable Societies. Tuesday and Wednesday were left open for social intercourse.

The District Visiting Society consisted of twenty kind ladies, ten of whom were placed in communication with each curate, for cases which required clerical notice. Once a month

the accounts were rendered, and the charitable alms which had been dispensed, repaid. Thus the parish was kept well in hand, and nothing escaped notice.

For the Religious and Charitable Societies there were at least twenty-five annual Collections. This seems rather hard upon the parishioners; but the collection was not made every alternate Sunday through the year, but every Sunday during the season. Thus the Visitors had exceptional privileges!

Confirmations were held every three years by the Archbishops, or the Suffragan Bishop of Dover:—and in speaking of these, and the other matters, the reference is only to what occurred in my part of the Parish. In the other district, I had no authority or responsibility. The Confirmation classes were instructed for many weeks, and were very numerously attended. Of course, all were not duly prepared, and these were not passed. But more than three hundred young persons were presented for Confirmation. Of these, after additional lectures, and private conversation by myself with each individual, or little groups of personal friends, above two hundred were ad-

mitted to Holy Communion. And although doubtless, in many cases, the impression fades, and the privilege is neglected, we may surely hope that the Lord will "count, when He writeth up the people, that this and that man was born there." The sentiments expressed on this subject in an earlier page remain unchanged.

One afternoon in the week my curates met me for special prayer, and the consideration of "hard cases." Those cases which mastered them they handed over to me.

Many interesting and exceptional cases I recall; but one only I will relate:—

One night I was sitting up reading. It was nearly twelve o'clock, and the house was quiet; but the lights were not put out. A loud ring at the bell was heard, and a servant, having hurried down, ushered in our first medical man. He apologized for the lateness of his visit; but seeing by the lighted blinds that I was up, he ventured in.

The case was this. A young sick lady had been brought down by an aunt and sister, and was in lodgings near. He had been sent for as a medical man, and found the case so serious, that he had felt it his duty to warn his

patient that she had not many days to live. She was dying rapidly of consumption, without any idea of her danger. Such was the effect of his communication, though made most gently, that she became well-nigh frantic; and was now, after two hours' interval, tossing about the bed, unreasonable and unmanageable. He came to me to ask for a visit, as a last resource. I accompanied him at once, and then he left me with the sick young lady, daughter of an Indian Colonel, and about twenty-three or twenty-four years old. For a time I spoke gently and kindly, but failed to gain her attention. But soon the great topics of religion were introduced, and her eye was caught and kept. She listened as one who heard for the first time of the Fatherhood of God, the love of Christ, and the grace of the Holy Spirit. The brevity of life, the duration of eternity, the sinfulness of our nature, the atonement offered, the invitations sent; the blessedness of "looking unto Jesus," the "casting out none that come," the ability to "save to the uttermost":—to all this, as to a new and wondrous story (as I believe it was to her), she listened for an hour with rapt attention. Her mind was full of thought; her body became

calm and quiet; and I left her, with a simple blessing, for the sleep which God mercifully gave. The only words she said were, "Come again."

And I came again the next day, and found her remembering all, and anxious to know more. She seemed to realize and acquiesce in her nearness to eternity, and to mourn deeply over past "negligences and ignorances." Her aunt sat by, and heard, but said nothing. Now I talked of faith in Christ, and the way of salvation, and bade her to prayer, and calling upon God. Godly sorrow was very precious, but it was "over-much," if it went beyond Christ's power to save. She must remember that, though "sin abounded," "grace did much more abound," and that sin did not and must not place the penitent sinner beyond reach of the Saviour. He was "mighty to save." She was deeply moved, and asked for prayer.

The next morning, before I was up, a message was brought that she wished to see me; and I hastened, before breakfast, to the house. It was in a sort of confusion, for I had not been expected; and the aunt complained of my early visit: "There was no need of it," she said,

"nor of my frequent visits; for her niece was as good a girl as ever lived."

I told her how I had been sent for: and it then appeared that the invalid had taken advantage of the house servant coming into her room alone, to send her at once for me.

She felt that her time was short: and was deeply in earnest: and when I saw her, she said, "Oh, how can I get to Christ, how find mercy?"

She listened, whilst I now spake of Lydia whose "heart the Lord opened," and she obtained mercy; of the jailor who came trembling; and then believing, was baptized "straightway"; and of the poor malefactor who had no time upon the cross except to say, "Lord, remember me," and was admitted to Paradise. When we give the whole heart to Christ, He accepts it, as the effect of grace, and the very travail of His soul.

She gave me an outstretched hand, with her eyes streaming with tears; and I prayed as well as I could, and left her.

The next day when I called, later, the servant thought she could not see me, for she seemed insensible, and had not spoken a word all day.

But I went up and sat beside the bed in silence.

Her eyes were open, and they fixed upon me, at first, without recognition. But gradually light dawned, and life returned, and I gently spoke :—

"Do you know who I am?"

"Yes: the Vicar."

"Do you know that you are dying?"

"Yes: I know I am."

"Are you afraid to die?"

"No."

"Why are you not afraid?"

"Because Jesus died for sinners, and I believe in Him as my Lord and Saviour."

"Have you no other hope?"

"None: and I need no other. I am going to Jesus."

I blessed her in His name, and commended to Him the keeping of her soul.

I saw her no more: for she died that night. But before her death, she saw the doctor; and he reported to me her few last words, as well as his tears allowed :—

"Doctor, I thank you more than I can express for all you have done."

He said how glad he was that he had been of use, and wished he could have done more.

"It is not that alone," she said, "but you

brought the Vicar; and he has spoken words by which my soul is saved."

Her remains were removed and interred elsewhere; and I heard not a word more for above a twelvemonth; when one day, two ladies, in deepest mourning, were brought, without name or card, into my study.

"You do not know me?" said the senior. I apologized; for the veils were down. When lifted, I said, with some surprise, "Surely you are not "the aunt"?

"Yes, I am," she said, "and this is the cousin; and we have come to thank you for all you did, and said last year. I did not understand it then: but I understand it now! We have brought these few china cups, and basin, as a token of gratitude. They will serve as a reminiscence of the past."

And so they have; and they are still in my drawing-room; and oh! may I hear and know, at another day, of many like proofs how Christ is able to "save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him!"

And now I was myself to "hear the rod, and who hath appointed it"; and to answer the

question, "Thou that teachest another, teachest thou not thyself?"

I have, in an earlier page, referred to a son of nine years old, very dear to us all. He grew up; passed through Trinity College, Cambridge; and was, in due time, called, and sent into the vineyard. His first curacy was brightened by his marriage; but it was followed speedily by two anxious and laborious vicarages —one in the country, and one in London. London work and London fogs killed him!

One Sunday evening in November, he came to the front of the rails of the Holy Communion precincts, short of breath, and pale as death, to give the blessing, and dismiss the congregation. In the vestry, his wife sought and found him, supporting his head with his hands, and very ill. With difficulty he was helped home; and with still greater difficulty borne upstairs to bed. The servants were both sent out in haste, to procure medical assistance, whilst his wife sat by his bedside. He gave her one long and loving look, held out his hand, turned in his bed, and died! The heart, weakened before, had failed. His poor wife, frightened, but not "acquainted" with death,

sat weeping by his side till the medical men arrived, and said that all was over.

The next day, a messenger was sent to us; and I accompanied him to town, leaving behind me "lamentation, mourning, and woe." His wife had been taken to her father's house, as a place of refuge; and with two weeping maid-servants, on either side, I stood by the lifeless body of my only son, already prepared for his burial.

Nay, I did not stand, I knelt, and prayed silently—not for him, but for myself: for submission, for resignation, for acquiescence in the will of an all-wise God! I asked that, in the affliction, we might all see the hand, and hear the voice of our Father in heaven; that the great Comforter might teach; that the Saviour's grace might be sufficient; that we might realize troubles escaped, rocks passed, and the haven reached;—and then I kept watch in the house all night. The dim light shining in it, next day, told of a family name put out, and many a bright hope extinguished.

All that remains of my only son lies in my churchyard, by the side of his Mother, loving and beloved, who did not long survive him. And one vacant place in the vault is left for me!

THE RESTING-PLACE.

PEACE came: and our Lord's prophecy and promise were both fulfilled:—

"In the world ye shall have tribulation."

"In Me ye shall have peace."

Even these last trials happened in a peaceful resting-place, and after the change from the sea-side had taken place.

I was getting worn and weary with nine years' hard work; and I was often, of necessity, left solitary. The kind Archbishop knew of this, and he sent for me, and offered an eligible Rectory outside the Diocese. I went to see it, and found a pretty country, and a pleasant-looking church and house. But whilst ascending the hill, on which they stood, I passed two immense dissenting chapels, which, in a small village, startled me.

The curate was now the *locum tenens.* He was out, but his lady received me, and showed me over the house. Seventeen pairs of boots and shoes on his side; three babies, three laced cots or cradles, and three well-matured nurses on hers, proved that there was no want in the house.

I enquired about the chapels, and learnt that they were central places of worship for all the neighbourhood around, and were well-filled with worshippers.

I inquired about the church, and was told that "a faithful few," continued to attend.

I asked what her husband had done, or was doing to mend matters. She said that he had tried "Evensong," and was going to try "Mattins."

Doubting the efficacy of Mattins and Evensong, and seeing that by the acceptance of the charge, I should almost have to begin life over again, I gratefully declined it.

Another still more eligible offer quickly followed, and was accepted; and this has been the "resting-place" I spoke of, for seven years!

All the kind tokens of goodwill received

from former charges, adorn the house and keep the kind *Donors* in loving memory.

A fine old quarto Bible from a lady's class, retains still between its leaves, the note which accompanied it, telling of "gratitude and affectionate respect":—and bears testimony on an early page, of the Old Testament having been read through at family prayers eleven times, and the New Testament nineteen times.

One aged clock used to regulate the household: there is now a magnificent one in every room; and my only difficulty is that of the abdicated Emperor, to make them all keep true time.

Two handsome silver waiters, make dinner and tea commemorative times.

Two silver inkstands, bear witness to the kindness alike of a school and a parish. One is in use: the other is too good for use, save by two little unclothed silver students, who sit on either side, under the glass case, and have never ceased writing, apparently, for twenty years. Surely *their* reminiscences must be worth preserving!

Under the glass cases also lie two long purses, adorned with rings and spangles, the work of fair lady's fingers. They are still

puffed out at both ends; but, alas! only with cotton imitation of the sovereigns, once lodged there, but long since fled away.

The Church Institute Memorial also bears its motto and its mitre; which last, a "Revenue Inspector," who once came "to spy out the land," would fain have put down as my payable Crest. Alas! what mistakes men are prone to make!

All these internal reminiscences are very pleasant—so also are the external.

The robin comes fearlessly in winter to ask for crumbs: the rooks build high above the shrubberies in spring; standard roses, purple violets, and brilliant geraniums brighten and sweeten the garden in summer, whilst the Mandevillea, Magnolia, Westeria, and honeysuckle cling to the bow window and climb round the house;—all giving place gradually, and not unpleasantly in autumn, to peaches, nectarines, and apricots, to grapes and figs, to mulberries, apples, and pears—and other noteworthy fruits and vegetables, all appearing in their season.

Above all, three dear Daughters are spared; and one remains to watch over me. Nine grandchildren of all ages, oftentimes fill the Rectory and grounds, with merriment:—disport-

ing themselves with the pony, the puppy, the fowls, the ducks, and the gold fish.

May I not then call this a resting-place upon the way, to the "Rest that remaineth?" For still I "teach and preach" each Sunday; still see a Church full of attentive hearers and devout communicants; still give counsel when applied for; and still rely in case of sickness on an excellent and efficient curate. What can be wanted, but a more grateful heart and a more holy life!

When I came first into this diocese, unknowing and unknown, I felt——

SENEX.—"I think you had better stop here. You have come down to present times; and if you go on, you will surely be recognized; which you do not wish."

No: I do not. I only wish to amuse and instruct, and, if God pleases, to edify; and that without saying an unkind word of any one, or entering into controversy of any kind.

SENEX.—"Well then; you can yourself write a few words, in the preface, to that effect. As for me, I lay down the pen."

So be it then. Only before silence falls, let me touch a few strings of David's sacred harp, and say:—

SURELY GOODNESS AND MERCY HAVE FOLLOWED ME ALL THE DAYS OF MY LIFE; AND I SHALL DWELL IN THE HOUSE OF THE LORD FOR EVER.

In that "House not made with hands" (to use some of S. Augustine's words) there will be

"FELICITAS SINE FINE,
ÆTERNITAS SINE LABE,
SERENITAS SINE NUBE."

"Endless felicity,
Spotless eternity,
Cloudless serenity!"

THE END.

Appendix.

TROUBLOUS TIMES.

WE believe that there are many hearts at this time sorely troubled. We deeply feel for them, and sympathize in their trials. Disappointments, losses, sickness, death, have been moving up and down, and but few have escaped the visitation. The desire of our eyes has been taken away with a stroke; the bridegroom and the bride have been cut down; the tie of parent and of friend has been violently severed; the hand of death, perhaps, has been upon ourselves; sorrow has been revelling, tears have been flowing, and hearts aching; whilst anxiety and fear have been on every side. Will any one, then, turn away from a subject which has thus been forced upon their attention? We think not; for sorrow softens the heart, and opens it to the consolations of religion. The trouble has been endured; and why should the mitigation or the benefit of it be lost? A few points, then, just touched upon, we conceive, will neither be unwelcome nor unread. They are thrown out just as they occur to us; for we like not a dull essay on a sorrowful subject: our readers must expand and apply them.

1. The Christian theory of affliction is altogether new, inasmuch as it rests upon the Providence of God.

No soul departs, no sickness comes, no heart is wrung with anguish, without God knowing it, controlling it, overruling it. No comfort is there like the knowledge and the apprehension of this truth. The sentiment is common-place, perhaps, from the lips of others, but to the individual sufferer the perception, the apprehension, the reality of it, is most consoling. A friend may come to us, and we may hear from him what is very true, and valuable, and indisputable—that this affliction with which we have been visited is ordered by God, who is very kind and good; and we assent, but still feel comfortless. But commune with thine own heart, and in thy chamber, sorrowful Christian, and be still! Think, "I am not forgotten, not neglected, not alone, but God is with me even in this sorrow. Is He, then, unkind? No. Why does He afflict me? I know not. Why are my troubles so heavy? I know not. Why would not some other means have been effectual? I know not. Why cannot I throw them off? I know not. Why does not God answer my prayers? I know not. How long shall I be afflicted thus? I know not. What can I, must I do?" Wait, hope, trust, believe. Wait God's time; hope in God's mercy; trust God's love; believe in God's faithfulness. There is something going on which you cannot see. "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." Some work is in progress, something in which you are interested. God is at hand, and this is His doing. After all, is not this honour enough, and is not the apprehension of it comfort enough, for weak and sinful man? May not patience have her perfect work when these thoughts are her attendants? Can you not lie passive

in God's hands, and learn how frail you are, and let your soul repose upon His mercy and His love? You cannot go your own way; let God lead, and you will be just as safe. You cannot have what you want; let God direct, and you will be just as happy. The heart learning thus to repose upon God's Providence is one great benefit of affliction.

2. The proper name for affliction is not punishment, but discipline or correction. In this view, the character of God and the privileges of God's people exactly harmonize. The character of God is love, and the most blessed privilege of the people of God is, that this love is theirs, and exercised for their advantage. Discipline is an essential part of love; for "what son is he whom the Father chasteneth not?" It connects the God who loves, and therefore chastens, with the people who are loved, and therefore chastised. It is a blessing to be esteemed worth correcting. No one ever thinks of pruning the tree which is to be cut down; it is not worth the trouble. But there is surely comfort to the Christian in this reflection, that God thinks him capable of improvement—worth pruning: no matter how, for God knows the best method and the best time. The discipline is a proof of love; at least, it is a proof of the love of *God.* It is in itself a privilege; at least, it is a privilege to the *children of God.*

3. This last observation applies only to men as they are, and to God as He is, in relation to men as they are. Affliction, to a fallen and a sinful man, is discipline; but to a perfect man it would be cruelty. Sinful man needs, and therefore God inflicts it; but "the Lord cometh *out of His place* to do it." He doth

not willingly afflict the children of men: it is "*if needs be*" that "ye are in heaviness."

Our fallen state does not alter the character of God, but it requires an alteration in His treatment of us. Hence, sin requires, as well as causes, sorrow; it makes God's discipline necessary. If troubled, then, and we seek the cause, we must look below; if we want a deliverer, we must look above. Let us not love God the less because sorrows are our companions:—or because "the foolishness of man perverteth his way," think of fretting "against the Lord."

4. The remedy for outward sorrow is *inward consolation*—the fainting soul hanging upon God's promises, pleading them in prayer, and drawing down refreshment and support. Mirth and amusement do not touch the cause, nor soften the sorrow. "Come, banish care and thought; come, join the busy world; come, drown the recollection of past sorrows, and departed friends, by new friends and fresh pleasures." This will not avail. This is not the way. There is a better one:—"Come unto Me, all that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The pardon of sin, peace of conscience, a will resigned, a hope of heaven, with the crowd of blessings which attend these thoughts, and the rays of glory which dart from them—these change darkness into light, make it good for us that we have been afflicted, and are a rich compensation for all the outward suffering, and all the heavy trials, which may have pressed upon us.

5. Affliction humbles the soul in the dust, banishes self and pride, weans from the world, and makes us "cease from man, whose breath is in his nostrils." This is the state of mind for usefulness and happi-

ness. First of all, nothing can come amiss; then nothing surprises us, then nothing disappoints us. Bunyan's shepherd boy sings well—

"He that is down needs fear no fall;
He that is low no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide."

Affliction humbles us more speedily, more surely, more effectually, than anything else in the world.

6. Think it not strange when sorrow has come expect others when it is removed; look for a succession through life. This is not your home. Labour here, rest in heaven. Trouble here, peace above. Weakness here, strength with God. Shadows here, the substance by-and-by. Tears here, praise hereafter. A sinner now, and then a saint. Blessed hope! Let us not be weary in well-doing; for "in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

7. God leads us into affliction; His grace is necessary to improve affliction, and to bring us safely and profitably out of affliction. There is no reason why of itself it should do us so much good. God's blessing is necessary to make it useful; or it may just as well harden, as soften the heart.

The thing to be feared most of all is, the flattering sympathy, the condolence of friends, their wonder that *we* should be so afflicted, their expectation of the purification we shall surely gain, how spiritual we shall become, how heavenly-minded! Whereas affliction may do nothing of the kind; and if we listen and lay to heart these honeyed consolations, it surely will not.

Retirement—meditation—an opened heart—close

communion with God—dealing fairly with ourselves—comparison with holy men—examining what we have really done :—the thoughts which such a process of self-examination inspire are better friends than those who often gather round us : for they know us as well as we know them ; they are faithful, and not flatterers.

8. When affliction is very strong, it had better be guided, not opposed. It is quite useless saying, "I will not grieve ;" for if the eyes do not weep, the heart will ; and we cannot help it. Christianity is not Stoicism, but the very principle of tenderness. It is built upon the affections ; and whilst it purifies, it strengthens them. Christian love, and Christian pity, and Christian tenderness, are more than love, pity, and tenderness—more intense, and more true, and more trustworthy, and more pure. I would never say to a sorrowful Christian, "Sorrow not ;" but, "Sorrow not as those who have no hope ;" and this to him would be but natural ; for he has hope, and his heart will respond, though, perhaps, he might have forgotten it at the moment. So that when the tide of affliction runs in, a few considerations of this kind will guide it, and prevent it running over, which it would do if violently opposed. Opposition to natural feelings is not a Christian duty ; but the regulation of them all, by a variety of motives and of reasons, surely is, and of the first importance.

9. The advantages of affliction will be rather gradual than sudden ; they spring not up in a night, like Jonah's gourd. If we cannot find them, we have them—only they are, as they ought to be, "clothed with humility." No one ever rises from sickness

looking as well as when he took to his bed: he requires time, care, change.

10. There are marks, however, which show when benefit is derived, such as:—

a. Simplicity and a return to Jesus Christ. Affliction, sorrow, death, dissipate a thousand dreams and theories. Home is the happiest spot to the sick man; and the "faithful saying" about Jesus Christ is the rest and home of the afflicted believer. Perhaps he was wandering, and it was sent to bring him home.

b. Discovery and renunciation of our iniquity. In the hurry of life we never know one-half how bad we are—in how many things we all offend—and how aggravated these offences are. Affliction quickens and strengthens our sight: and if we see sin, and its heinousness more clearly afterwards, it is good for us that we have been afflicted.

c. When the dross is left behind: the worldliness, the bigotry, the pride, the vanity, the folly, the selfishness, which mingled with our religion. It requires a strong furnace often; but it is worth kindling, if the pure gold is left. Religion purified by affliction is invaluable. It will out-live everything.

d. Understanding, valuing, reposing on the Sacred Scriptures. In these inspired pages may be found the encouragement I want, the hope I cherish, the promises I rest upon, the warnings I have laid to heart. The repose of all this is unspeakable.

e. Finding out the connection of our sorrows with our duties; learning to comfort others, for instance, perhaps with the comfort with which we ourselves have been comforted of God—warning others from the experience we have learnt of the necessity of cau-

tion—sympathizing with more tenderness—working with greater diligence. If sorrow teaches us all this, it teaches us well, and has done us good.

f. When sickness has been sanctified, there commonly remains on the soul a softening influence, a tender impression of divine love, a calm acquiescence, and an affecting recollection of divine consolations, which often, in the privacy of meditation, fill the eyes with tears of gratitude. This is accompanied with a chastened sobriety of feeling pervading the whole man; there is a deeper and more influential sense of the nearness of eternity, the uncertainty of health and life, the misery of an unconverted and undecided state, the value of the soul, the sufficiency of Christ, the constraining influence of His love.

g. Longing for a conformity to Christ: a conformity in this—"not my will, but Thine be done;" a conformity in this—"I am meek and lowly in heart;" a conformity in this—"I must work the works of Him that sent Me while it is day;" and in this—"I delight to do Thy will, O God."

h. We become more anxious for the benefit than for the removal of the affliction. A noble sign this of improvement and sanctification. This is very nearly what God intends the affliction to produce: it is the spirit of *godliness*.

i. The final proof of benefit derived from affliction is, that we are found waiting for the coming, and looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life.

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